

THE EXPOSITORY TIMES.

Notes of Recent Exposition.

WHEN a preacher of the gospel is discovered with a fine selection of novels in his library, his explanation is that they are good for the making of sermons. It may be so. But biographies are better. And of recent biographies the best for all the preacher's purposes, and for the preacher himself, is the *Recollections* of John Viscount MORLEY (Macmillan; 2 vols., 25s. net).

Why is it good? Because of the estimates it contains of certain great men, and because of the revelation it makes of the character of Viscount MORLEY himself. The estimates are very many—of Cotter Morison, Mill, Meredith, Matthew Arnold, Mazzini, George Eliot, and other men and women with whom he has been associated in literature; of Gladstone, Balfour, Chamberlain, Asquith, Lord Spencer, Campbell-Bannerman, and the rest (with only one brilliant exception, Lloyd George) with whom he has been associated in politics. But for the preacher's purpose it is not his estimate of the men and women whom he has known that is most profitable, it is the revelation he makes of himself.

For he reveals himself as irreligious. He is one of those men, rarely met with now, to whom the things that are seen with the eyes and handled with the hands are everything. He ignores God.

He is utterly unconcerned with Christ. There is no life for him but the present life.

He does not deny the existence of God. He ignores Him. Throughout the two volumes the word occurs three times—twice in quotation from others, once by himself in the phrase 'God knows.'

He is unconcerned with Christ. We noticed the name of God three times. We have found the name of Christ only once. Once also He is referred to as 'the founder of Christianity.' That reference is worth considering. It is best perhaps to quote the passage entirely. It enables us to see how much Viscount MORLEY knows about 'the founder of Christianity,' and how little. 'Mill's estimate of the founder of Christianity is a glowing, beautiful, and deeply sincere tribute. Unfortunately for its strength as argument, he overlooked one of the most remarkable new growths of his time, the science of comparative religion. If he did not overlook comparative religion, he dissociated his speculation on Theism from methods of ordered historic thought and knowledge, with which it was specially connected. He had forgotten or overlooked the shock given to orthodox faith only seven years before by a Jewish scholar, who showed that the sublimest sayings in the Gospels found exact parallels in the Talmud. The originality, however, of the lessons taught to man-

kind in the Gospels is a question with only secondary bearings on the source of that benignant inspiration, whether it was altogether human or partially divine. What became of the whole scheme of social evolution in its successive stages fixed by ordered mutation, if one of the most important of all the changes in moral history was due to a special, express, and unique act of supernatural intervention? Why may not the same special interposition be just as reasonably claimed for Athanasius, Augustine, Luther, Calvin, Hildebrand, Knox, and the rest of the mighty actors in spiritual and ecclesiastical transformations, by whom what bears the common name of Christianity has been defined, decided, settled, and set to work in the stupendous phalanx of Catholic and Protestant churches?

Again, there is no life for Viscount MORLEY beyond the present. He quotes John Stuart Mill. 'Mill once said to a friend afflicted by a sore domestic tribulation, "To my mind the only permanent value of religion is in lightening the feeling of total separation, which is so dreadful in a real grief."' His comment is, 'If you will. But can we really suppose that this scheme of possible contingencies, low degrees of probability, permissive hopes, dubious potentialities, could bring comfort or consolation worth the name to aching hearts—

In shock of loss and anguish of farewells,
At that eternal parting of the ways?

After all, death is death, however we may meet it. As we cannot but see every day we live, even religion fails to wipe away the tears from the eyes of those to whom religion is the most priceless of blessings. We know well enough that problems of life and death offer us a knot that is hard indeed to disentangle. Mill here cuts it, then at the same moment he presents us with a second knot that is still harder to disentangle than the first.

He also quotes Huxley. 'It was in 1883 that Huxley wrote to me (the letter is printed in his *Life*): "It is a curious thing that I find my dislike

to the thought of extinction increasing as I get older and nearer the goal. It flashes across me at all sorts of times with a sort of horror that in 1900 I shall probably know no more of what is going on than I did in 1800. I had sooner be in hell a good deal—at any rate in one of the upper circles, where the climate and company are not too trying. I wonder if you are plagued in this way."' MORLEY says, 'My answer to his query I cannot recall; that it was a negative is certain, perhaps supported by a reference to Lucretius' world-famed Third Book, or Pliny's ironic reproach of *avida nunquam desinere mortalitas*; or our English—

Men must endure
Their going hence even as their coming thither,
Ripeness is all.'

He never swerves from this indifference. In the second volume there is a long chapter with the curious title of 'An Easter Digression.' It is a series of quotations from men who wrote of death, and he quotes them (even though one of them is Archbishop Leighton) as if they had not a thought of a hereafter. It is the show of courage in dying that delights him. Thus he quotes Gladstone in reference to Cranmer at the stake: 'Do you remember Jeremy Collier's sentence on his bravery at the stake, which I count one of the grandest in English prose? "He seemed to repel the force of the fire, and to overlook the torture by strength of thought." Thucydides could not beat that.'

One day Mr. Gladstone was much interested in a story which MORLEY told him of an old patriarch 'for whom I had opened a park in my burgh of Forfar. He was 94, shrewd and lively as ever. "Sensuality, Vanity, Avarice," he said to me, "these are the three things that destroy a man." I never heard him say a word about another world, or the Creator of this: shrewd, generous, kindly, rationalistic.' That is Viscount MORLEY himself—'Not a word about another world or the Creator of this'; or, as he afterwards says of Lucretius, 'vehemently unorthodox on sacred fundamentals—a pagan, without religion, or the feeling for it.'

Is Viscount MORLEY any the worse for that? We must face the question fairly. And the answer is not immediate. For there is no denying—and who would desire to deny?—that John MORLEY has been reckoned one of the most reliable public servants that ever King or Country had. But listen to Lord ACTON.

Lord ACTON knew MORLEY well, and esteemed him highly. They were almost always at one in public policy and sometimes very pleasantly at one in private intercourse. Yet this is what he wrote: 'As there are for him no rights of God, there are no rights of man—the consequence on earth of obligation in Heaven. Therefore he never tries to adjust his view to many conditions and times and circumstances, but approaches each with a mind uncommitted to devotion and untrammelled by analogies. . . . The consequence of this propensity of mind is that he draws his conclusions from much too narrow an induction; and that his very wide culture—wide at least for a man to whom all the problems, the ideas, the literature of religion are indifferent and unknown—does not go to the making of his policy. These are large drawbacks, leaving, nevertheless, a mind of singular elasticity, veracity, and power, capable of all but the highest things.'

'Capable of all but the highest things'—that is just the impression which the biography makes. But not only does he not reach the highest things, he does not try to reach them. He has a certain standard of approval or disapproval, and it is not the highest. It is the political world he lived in, or it is himself.

It is not his constituents. He did not always seek to please his constituents, because he had a wider public to consider. There is, in the second volume a beautiful passage from his diary, in which he describes a visit to Bervie, one of the Montrose Burghs. 'One of the most delightful days of my life. Superb sunshine, broad and flashing on the floor of waters; sea, skies, air, all

vivid.' It ends with, 'Bervie hereafter a name of blessing.' Yet on that very occasion the Liberals in Bervie were deeply disappointed. The writer was present at the meeting and saw the disappointment. He saw also the curious circumstance of a farmer from the district rousing to enthusiasm an audience which had remained unmoved by Viscount MORLEY's speech. For the Member for the little burgh ignored his audience, and spoke to the body of reporters who sat in front of him—leaning over sometimes towards them to watch their progress and give them time!

He did not seek to please his constituents because he had a larger audience to please. And then he had to please himself.

This is the most astonishing and yet characteristic thing in the book. Viscount MORLEY frequently refers to his own estimate of his own doings; and when he does so it is always with approval. 'Glad to find that I keep my head cooler than most.' 'And so to bed at 1 a.m. with a really clear conscience.' Those are phrases; there is the sense of this satisfaction throughout.

Now no man can do his best who stands before no higher tribunal than this. But the striking thing is that Viscount MORLEY does not try to do his best. 'It was not long,' he says, 'before a lady of quality, an uncompromising Millite, dealt faithfully by me.' "You know what people are beginning to complain of? They say three things. You are too haughty. You are not at heart a real democrat. You are not half ambitious enough." His only comment is, 'Who knows?'

Why *did* he miss the highest? Was it circumstances? He went to Oxford with the intention of taking Holy Orders. He came under the influence of—whom but Cotter Morison! How scornful would Viscount MORLEY have been in after life had he met Cotter Morison then with his feeble arguments for infidelity.

Was it temperament? Why did he take to Cotter Morison and his like? Undoubtedly there was something in him that satisfied him with the superficial. All his life long (if this biography is enough to tell us) he had no strong feeling for man or woman. He never deeply hated; he never deeply loved. Tolerant he has always been to an incredible consistency. He can repeat what is said against him, without a word of reproach or reply. The sentence which he quotes from Machiavelli describes himself: 'He uses few of our loud, easy words of praise and blame, he is not often sorry or glad, he does not smile and he does not scold, he is seldom indignant and he is never surprised.' Once only does he let himself go in words of moving sorrow, and they are uttered over the death of a little dog.

Messrs. Cecil Palmer and Hayward have published an edition of *The Book of Job*, with an Introduction by Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON and illustrations in colour by Miss C. Mary TONGUE (10s. 6d. net).

It is a book to be noticed for three reasons. The Book of Job can be read in it (according to the Authorized Version) with comfort and even a sense of luxurious content. The illustrations compel us to reconsider our conception of Job and his surroundings—where we got it, what it is worth. The Introduction is the least paradoxical and most considerate of all the writings of Mr. CHESTERTON that we have read.

What is the conception that we have formed of Job's wife? Miss TONGUE represents her as utterly overwhelmed with grief. She has thrown herself across Job's knees, as he sits on the ground—his brow shaded with sackcloth, his mouth half-hidden with his hand, his eyes bewildered and heavy as if with sleeplessness. She lies across his knees, her white left arm clasping her head, which is hidden, all but the dark blue hair which the white arm throws almost into blackness. The right arm hangs long and helpless, till the fore-

finger unconsciously touches the ashes. 'Then said his wife unto him, Dost thou still retain thine integrity? Curse God, and die.' The words are terrible because terrible is her desolation. Said a woman recently: 'I prayed every day for six months, that my son might be spared, and now he is gone: *I have no more use for God.*' Thus is the Book of Job immortal.

Mr. CHESTERTON's Introduction is not critical. He is content with the critics or without them. He asks one thing only, that they will leave the Old Testament a unity. 'Those are wrong who maintain that the Old Testament is a mere loose library; that it has no consistency or aim. Whether the result was achieved by some supernal spiritual truth, or by a steady national tradition, or merely by an ingenious selection in after times, the books of the Old Testament have a quite perceptible unity.'

He demands unity because he finds that one main idea runs throughout the Old Testament. It is more prominent in some books than in others. In the Book of Job it brings all other ideas within its shadow, till you have to look again in order to discover their existence. That idea is the sovereignty of God.

Mr. CHESTERTON does not use the word sovereignty. He prefers to speak of God's loneliness. 'The central idea,' he says, 'of the great part of the Old Testament may be called the idea of the loneliness of God. God is not only the chief character of the Old Testament; God is properly the only character in the Old Testament.'

The thought is not new. It was a discovery of that great expositor of the Book of Job, Professor A. B. Davidson, of whom Mr. CHESTERTON may not have heard. But it is Mr. CHESTERTON's own discovery. And he develops it. Since God is the only character of the Old Testament, all the men and women in the Old Testament, good and bad, are merely God's tools and instruments.

Good or bad—that is the peculiarity of the Old Testament. The New Testament makes only the saints the instruments of God. When He would have work done in the earth He sends His saints and martyrs to do it. That, says Mr. CHESTERTON, is a deeper, a more daring, and a more interesting idea than the old Jewish one. For the Gospel, which is of the New Testament, is a deeper, a more daring, and a more interesting idea than the Law. The New Testament idea is 'the idea that innocence has about it something terrible which in the long run makes and re-makes empires and the world.'

That is a daring idea. It is not the idea of common sense. The common-sense idea is the idea of the Old Testament 'that strength is strength, that cunning is cunning, that worldly success is worldly success, and that Jehovah uses these things for His own ultimate purpose, just as He uses natural forces or physical elements. He uses the strength of a hero as He uses that of a Mammoth—without any particular respect for the Mammoth.'

'This is the main key and characteristic of the Hebrew scriptures as a whole. There are, indeed, in those scriptures innumerable instances of the sort of rugged humour, keen emotion, and powerful individuality which is never wanting in great primitive prose and poetry. Nevertheless the main characteristic remains; the sense not merely that God is stronger than man, not merely that God is more secret than man, but that He means more, that He knows better what He is doing, that compared with Him we have something of the vagueness, the unreason, and the vagrancy of the beasts that perish. "It is he that sitteth above the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers." We might almost put it thus. The book is so intent upon asserting the personality of God that it almost asserts the impersonality of man. Unless this gigantic cosmic brain has conceived a thing, that thing is insecure and void; man has not enough tenacity to ensure its continuance. "Except the Lord build the house their labour is but lost

that build it. Except the Lord keep the city the watchman watcheth but in vain."

Sir Henry NEWBOLT's new book *A New Study of English Poetry* (accept the emphasis on the 'new') has been published by Messrs. Constable (10s. 6d. net), and that ancient and eminent firm has rarely published a more pleasing or more profitable book.

Its value is great to those who enjoy poetry. It is greater to those who maintain an attitude of detachment—"I cannot say that I have ever cared much for poetry." It is greatest of all to the preacher.

For the preacher is an artist. Whatever else is forgotten let that be forgotten never. There are two attitudes to life. Sir Henry NEWBOLT separates them well. 'There are two worlds,' he says, 'to which every man simultaneously belongs. He lives by his bodily senses and his intellect in a world of matter, governed by "laws of nature." Its language is the language of reason, its statements are such as can be verified by calculation: it is the world of prose. To any one living wholly in this world, if that were possible, beauty would be merely one particular arrangement of molecules, not more interesting than another, except perhaps as the ascertained cause of a pleasurable excitement of the nerves. His representation of it would be either a diagram or a photograph: in either case a mere imitation of nature: purely prosaic.' That is the one world.

And the other? The other world is ours too. 'The illimitable blue above the earth cloud: the shoreless sea into which we would plunge back from our desert island: the universal life in whose freedom all is good—it is Art that gives us this: and poetry is the living voice of Art: the emotion of life made audible. It reminds us of that which is both our native land and the far country of our pilgrimage. We recognise again in every supreme moment of Art that unremembered, unforgettable

kinship, "O born with me somewhere that men forget." Even while we are trudging among the roaring mechanism of our civilisation, we can always hear any word that is spoken in the language of our home.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,

Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;

There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,

And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day

I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;

While I stand on the roadway or on the pavements grey,

I hear it in the deep heart's core.'

Is that poetry? It is also preaching. For not only is preaching art; it is art expressing itself in words; and when art expresses itself in words it is poetry. As Sir Henry NEWBOLT has it on another page: 'A work of art in words is always poetry; a work of science, in whatever form of words, would always be prose.'

Now the preacher sometimes forgets that his work is art. The inevitable result is that he interferes in matters with which he has nothing to do. He interferes in trade disputes even though he knows that Christ refused to be a judge or a divider. He interferes in politics. Sir Henry NEWBOLT has a whole chapter on 'Poetry and Politics.' And in that chapter he makes it very clear that the poet and the preacher have nothing to do with politics. He is neither a Liberal nor a Conservative. He is above both.

For there is a region above both parties in the strife of politics and public life. It is the Ideal which the devoted of both parties hold in their heart. Blake expresses it:

I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

That Ideal it is the business of the poet and the preacher to maintain in existence and ever point to. He is not a judge or a divider. He bids both sides beware of covetousness. When the preacher or the poet leaves this high office and goes to 'serve the State,' he loses himself, and the State loses more than a servant. 'For twelve years Addison spent his time in lucrative appointments, sessions of Parliament, and high Offices of State. In these he made only a subordinate figure: but in the one interval when he was out of office he achieved the triumph of his life by the production of *Cato*, and by the perfect expression of his own personality in the *Spectator* he worked a lasting change in the thought and feeling of the nation.'

'This is a lesson for the modern Poet: if his poems should achieve so much success as not only to influence the public but even to attract the attention of the Government, he will none the less resist all attempts to turn him into a Secretary of State: he will probably—though this is less certain—refuse even to become a member of the House of Lords. He will not forsake poetry, nor will he attempt to use poetry in the service of particular interests. The conflicts of policy he will judge, not by pitting arguments against each other, but by measuring each against the ideal which is common to both sides. Those who hear him will be reminded not of their differences but of the underlying sympathetic aspirations which are not partisan or temporary, but national and imperishable.'

No doubt it is possible, and at the present time even probable, that the poet or the preacher who takes no part in politics will be accused of lack of patriotism. Sir Henry NEWBOLT wrote the ballad of Plymouth Hoe. He will escape. But other preachers and other poets may suffer. Mr. Yeats was once afraid. 'In his early days the thought

came to Mr. Yeats that he might in time to come be reproached for not having done more for the cause of Ireland. It was not, of course, moon-lighting that might be expected of him, nor even speeches in favour of Home Rule, but good political verse, denouncing the oppressor, instead of unpractical poetry about that Lady Beauty, whose presence keeps alive the souls of nations. These are the first lines of his Apologia :

Know that I would accounted be
True brother of that company
Who sang to sweeten Ireland's wrong,
Ballad and story, rann and song ;
Nor be I any less of them
Because the red rose-bordered hem
Of her whose history began
Before God made the angelic clan,
Trails all about the written page.
For in the world's first blossoming age
The light fall of her flying feet
Made Ireland's heart begin to beat,
And still the starry candles flare
To help her light foot here and there,
And still the thoughts of Ireland brood
Upon her holy quietude.'

What does Sir Henry NEWBOLT say of that? The Irish poems here defended, he says, 'are certainly very remote: I suppose none ever touched more distantly or more obliquely a question of contemporary political strife: none ever appealed less to the selfish fears and hates of men. But I believe they have done more for Ireland than all the threats and curses of the last hundred years.'

But if the preacher or the poet is to take no part in contemporary political strife, is there not some danger that he will live for ever in the clouds, untouched by reality? There is great danger, and Sir Henry NEWBOLT is aware of it.

A poet, he says, must never be so remote from the strife of tongues as to be no longer human. It

is his business, certainly, to build an ideal world, just as it is the business of the preacher to build an ideal world, but he must build it of materials which he finds in the actual life of the world he lives in. 'Other-worldly,' he must be, or he is nothing; but he must be 'this-worldly' also.

Now it is no surprise to find that that necessity is forgotten most of all by the religious poet. For the religious poet has 'his conversation in heaven,' and it is very natural for him to look for heaven, not in the life of the Spirit which includes both worlds, but in the future life and in the future life alone. But when Sir Henry NEWBOLT tells us that this explains 'the astonishing weakness of our religious poetry,' we cannot agree with him.

For the sentence is too sweeping. Our religious poetry is not weak. Milton wrote religious poetry. Is it weak? Browning wrote religious poetry—we could almost say theological poetry. Is Browning weak? Is the poetry of Francis Thompson weak? Is Christina Rossetti's religious poetry weak? Sir Henry NEWBOLT says that 'among the few hymns to be excepted from this condemnation of futility is that anonymous one—not to be found in many of the modern books for church use—in which, among all the old conventional splendours borrowed from the gorgeous East and to us almost senseless, among the walls of precious stones and turrets of carbuncles and streets paved with pure gold, we come suddenly upon a touch like this:

Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
Continually are green;
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.'

But this poem does not stand alone. Christina Rossetti has a poem which is identical with it in thought, and certainly not less poetical:

Once in a dream I saw the flowers
That bud and bloom in Paradise;
More fair they are than waking eyes
Have seen in all this world of ours.

And faint the perfume-bearing rose,
 And faint the lily on its stem,
 And faint the perfect violet,
 Compared with them.

What Sir Henry NEWBOLT means when he says that our religious poetry is astonishingly weak is simply that certain of our hymns are weak. And the hymns of which he is thinking are those hymns which describe the heavenly life, the hymns which speak of the joys of Paradise. Religious poetry, he says, 'has tried not so much to remake this world as to make a new one out of unfamiliar or misplaced materials: it has invented a Paradise which is not a transfiguration of this life, but an irrelevant sequel to it.'

Now it cannot be denied that there are hymns in all our hymn-books which are not poetical. Nor can it be denied that, in Sir Henry NEWBOLT's words, some of our hymns are 'only saved from total failure by the aid of music and other extraneous associations.' But it *can* be denied that the unpoetical hymns are especially those that have Heaven for their theme. It can also be denied that these hymns are a failure because they are out of touch with reality.

Sir Henry NEWBOLT has three faults to find with them. First, they are unpoetical because they deal with an unreality like Paradise. Are there no unpoetical hymns but those that speak of Paradise? We wish it were so. But what is to be said of a hymn like Faber's 'O it is hard to work for God'? Read the second verse:

He hides Himself so wondrously,
 As though there were no God;
 He is least seen when all the powers
 Of ill are most abroad.

Or the eleventh verse:

Workmen of God! Oh lose not heart,
 But learn what God is like;
 And in the darkest battlefield
 Thou shalt know where to strike.

Read any verse in it. Whatever associations we may have with it, whatever fragrance these associations may convey to us, we cannot call it poetical. Yet that hymn has no thought of Paradise from the beginning to the end of it. It is altogether occupied with the worry and the work of this present evil world.

The next objection is that the aspirations of the hymns about Heaven are not the aspirations of truly religious poetry. Sir Henry NEWBOLT quotes from Mary Coleridge:

I envy not the dead that rest,
 The souls that sing and fly;
 Not for the sake of all the Blest,
 Am I content to die.

My being would I gladly give,
 Rejoicing to be freed;
 But if for ever I must live,
 Then let me live indeed.

What peace could ever be to me
 The joy that strives with strife?
 What blissful immortality
 So sweet as struggling life?

Sir Henry NEWBOLT is at one with Mary Coleridge. He wants the joy that strives with strife, not the rest that remaineth for the people of God. But this is simply to deny his own most essential poetic principle. If there is anything that he is emphatic about it is that the individual poet's individual experience is not made prominent in the greatest poetry. Mary Coleridge prefers activity. The next poet may come with a preference for rest. And he may be as poetical as Mary Coleridge. Robert Browning is as poetical:

There's a fancy some lean to and others hate—
 That, when this life is ended, begins
 New work for the soul in another state,
 Where it strives and gets weary, loses and wins:
 Where the strong and the weak, this world's
 congeries,
 Repeat in large what they practised in small,
 Through life after life in unlimited series;
 Only the scale's to be changed, that's all.

Yet I hardly know. When a soul has seen
By the means of Evil that Good is best,
And, through earth and its noise, what is
heaven's serene,

When our faith in the same has stood the test—
Why, the child grown man, you burn the rod,
The uses of labour are surely done;
There remaineth a rest for the people of God:
And I have had troubles enough, for one.

The last fault which Sir Henry NEWBOLT finds with the hymns of Paradise is the most serious, and it is the most mistaken. He says that they make use of images borrowed from the gorgeous East which to us are almost senseless. He refers to 'the walls of precious stones and turrets of carbuncles and streets paved with pure gold.'

Now Sir Henry NEWBOLT would never deny that images borrowed from the gorgeous East may be used as the raw material of the very greatest as well as the most modern poetry or preaching. His objection cannot be to the images themselves or to their Eastern origin. His objection seems to be to their 'other-worldliness.' These figures of speech are not human. They do not belong to that blissful immortality which Mary Coleridge finds in our present struggling life. Do they not? Sir Henry NEWBOLT has made a mistake, and it is a serious one. He has forgotten Christ.

Between the present and the future there must certainly be some link of connexion, else the future is nothing to us. It is nothing to such a man as Viscount MORLEY; for Viscount MORLEY does not believe that any friend of his has ever survived the dread ordeal of death. But Viscount MORLEY's great friend Mr. Gladstone believed in the life to come. He believed that some who had gone from him were waiting in that other world which the hymns call Paradise, to receive him at his coming. To Mr. Gladstone the other world was scarcely less real than this. Sir Henry NEWBOLT demands that if the poet builds an ideal world he must use the material of our actual life, 'otherwise he fails, he

leaves us cold, we refuse to enter into his alien and unattractive Paradise.' Mr. Gladstone used that material, and Paradise was both real and attractive to him.

And that is not all. That is not the half of it. For it is not chiefly those who have gone before who make Paradise real and attractive. It is the fact of Christ. First Christ becomes real here, human and 'altogether lovely.' And then this human and well-loved Christ is recognized as dwelling in Paradise. That is the secret of heaven's attractiveness. That is the condition of its reality. The circumstances of the life to come we may be very ignorant of. The best images we can use—taken from the gorgeous East or elsewhere—may be very imperfect. They may very inadequately express to others that ideal which we call Paradise. But at least they are real. They are both real and attractive because of their association with Christ.

How know I that it looms lovely that land I
have never seen,
With morning-glories and heartsease and un-
exampl'd green,
With neither heat nor cold in the balm-redolent air?
Some of this, not all, I know; but this is so:
Christ is there.

How know I that blessedness befalls who dwell
in Paradise,
The outwearied hearts refreshing, rekindling the
worn-out eyes,
All souls singing, seeing, rejoicing everywhere?
Nay, much more than this I know; for this
is so:
Christ is there.

O Lord Christ, Whom having not seen I love
and desire to love,
O Lord Christ, Who lookest on me uncomely
yet still Thy dove,
Take me to Thee in Paradise, Thine own made
fair;
For whatever else I know, this thing is so:
Thou art there.

Perfection, in God and in Man.

BY THE REV. F. R. TENNANT, D.D., B.SC., LECTURER IN THEOLOGY AND FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

OUR Lord's words 'Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect,' or, as they run in the Revised Version, 'Ye therefore shall be perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect,' have often puzzled readers of the New Testament; partly because it is not easy to understand what precisely is meant by 'perfect,' and partly because they seem at first sight to imply no difference between such perfection as is theoretically within the ultimate reach of mankind and such perfection as we must attribute to the Divine Being. It will therefore not be unprofitable to endeavour to understand in what sense or senses perfection can be ascribed to God and to the ideal human being respectively, so that a suitable exposition of the words quoted above from St. Matthew may be arrived at.

Perfection is one of the major attributes of God as these are enumerated in treatises on theology. But the term is one which has been found to be patient of several different meanings. Some of these, inspired by the abstract mode of thought prevalent among Greek philosophers, and adopted by the Fathers and later theologians, will be found to be hardly assimilable with the Christian conception of the Deity. Firstly, some ancient writers, especially those with Platonic and Neo-Platonic leanings, have identified perfection with exaltation above all such attributes as man can conceive, or with an indeterminateness which would resolve the conception of God into the conception of nothing actual at all. Thus, just as Plato in one place describes the good as transcending real existence in dignity and power, so Philo and Clement of Alexandria endeavoured to conceive God in complete abstraction from His attributes, such as wisdom, life, power, etc. God is then relegated to the realm of the unknowable; He ceases to be a living Spirit and is reduced to a mere abstract idea. Others again proceeded to the opposite extreme, and taught that the Perfect Being must possess all possible attributes—such being supposed to be the meaning of the perfect or complete. But an 'everything in general' is no more determinate, no more of an actuality, than

a 'nothing in particular.' We can put either too full or too empty a content into the idea of the perfect to allow it to have any contact with reality, and any meaning in theology.

Another meaning of 'perfect,' also taken over from the thought of ancient Greece (Parmenides and Plato), is that of completed, so that in that which is perfect all must be realized and nothing be potential. Hence perfection came to be interpreted as immutability. There is indeed a sense in which God may truly be said to be immutable—with Him 'is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.' God is not a man that He should repent; His purpose and will are constant and abiding; His life is an harmonious continuity; His holiness and goodness can know no relaxation. Still, the Divine immutability cannot be construed as absolute absence of change, unless experience be denied to God and He cease to be capable of description as a living Spirit. Nor can He be held, in the strictest or most general sense, to be 'impassible'; a Being who could not be touched or moved by human infirmity, who felt no sympathy with human suffering, would be a Being for whom human creatures could scarcely feel love and reverence, and no such being as the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.

'Perfection,' then, as applied to God, cannot mean transcendence of all attributes, or comprehension of all attributes (some, indeed, would be mutually incompatible), or absolute changelessness, such as would imply absence of life, activity, and experience. Does it, however, necessarily exclude all potentiality; that is to say, possibilities such as may be at a given time (from the temporal point of view) unrealized? This also would seem to be incompatible with Christianity. For surely the Incarnation of the Son of God 'in the fulness of time' must not only be an event in the time-process as we apprehend it, but also a 'moment' or a new departure in the eternal life of God, in which the fulness of that life was somehow enriched and perfected, though by an act of self-limitation. The creation of the universe—if the universe be not everlasting *a parte post*—would be

another such realization of what had before—or had in some real sense of which 'before' expresses the phenomenal appearance—been only potential in the Divine thought; and, once more, the progressiveness of revelation must similarly point to something in the Divine life which we can only express as realization of the potential.

Thus, it would seem that in order to be amenable to use in Christian theology, the conception of Divine perfection must be further limited, so that in it is found room for the potential. Perhaps the force of this plea for admission of the potential into the life of the perfect God can best be brought out by the resort to an analogy of which several recent writers have made use, and its meaning be thereby safeguarded against possible misunderstanding. A drama, in its enactment or realization, unfolds itself in time. What comes at the end is not presented at the beginning, and the full significance of the opening act is revealed to the spectator only when the *finale* is reached. Yet for the composer of the drama, the end is in view from the beginning, and is in his mind all through the process of his writing. Even so may the end of the drama of human evolution and man's redemption till God be 'all in all,' be present to the mind of God, the author of this drama and no mere spectator of it. Potentially, though not actually, the work which 'the Father worketh hitherto' is finished from the first; its non-fulfilment in time is not accompanied in the experience of God by that weariness of non-attainment and doubtfulness of the issue which characterize human strivings and purposes. Non-attainment in actuality, from the Divine point of view, is yet Blessedness; and fruition does not wait, for Him, on the end of time. Life, as we know it and alone can conceive it without inner contradiction, means development; and the Divine immutability and perfectness have already been found necessarily to imply self-identity and absence of variableness *through and in relation to change*. Thus the perfection of God need not be conceived as static completedness—which is theologically impossible—but may be construed to the self-manifestation of love in a finite world, and a revelation of the Eternal in the temporal process of ethically significant human history. 'Becoming'—not static and fixed 'Being'—may be the characteristic of all reality, including the life of God. Not only self-revelation, but also the

self-realization which it would seem to involve, may without irreverence or conflict with the Christian idea of God, be predicated of the perfect Divine Being. All that needs to be excluded is that tentativeness, learning by mistakes and failure, growth in goodness and advance from worse to better, which inevitably characterize all human life in virtue of the constitution of finite man in relation to this environment.

Here, at last, then, is a conception of perfection which can be applied to the living God of Christian faith. And it will be obvious that it is perfection of a type which is of necessity quite out of reach of man, who is altogether a different order of being.

But doubtless what was in the mind of our Lord, when He uttered the words quoted at the beginning of this paper, was something altogether different from the kind of perfection which has just been described; though God is perfect in that sense. The words cited occur in a context which is concerned with the ethical qualities of the Christian life; and it is therefore ethical perfection, for God and for man, rather than perfection of being or existence, of which Christ here speaks. And in this sense also, the ethical sense, perfection must be of quite different types when it is predicated with reference to the Divine and to human beings respectively.

The ethical perfection of God, His perfect holiness and love, are certainly immutable. There can be no degrees of perfection, in this sense, if there can be in other senses of the term as it is applicable to God. God's moral perfectness is of quite a different order from such perfection as man can be bidden to strive for and can possibly attain to. We are growing beings—through no volition and no fault of our own, but simply according to the will of God. But 'living and learning,' with relation to ethical standards and ideals, such as conditions human perfection, do not apply to the life and the goodness of God. We cannot attribute to Him any conflict of motives, because it is of His very nature to reject the alternative of evil and exclusively to love the good. God cannot experience temptation; His perfect goodness is not attained by striving and self-discipline, as perfect virtuousness can alone be attained by the human saint. Thus the statement that God is an ethical Being, while possessing a very real meaning, contains an implication which

is partly different, and different in very important respects, from that which is involved in predicating morality of imperfect human nature. When we are charged, then, to be perfect as our heavenly Father is perfect, it cannot be meant that we are called upon to change the constitution of our being and to 'become as gods'; for that is essentially impossible. It rather means that we are to order our life in accordance with the ideal of perfect manhood: to use faultlessly, at each successive stage of our moral growth, such necessarily finite and imperfect natural talents as we may have. To be ethically perfect in the sense that God is, as just now described, is not requirable of us; in that sense indeed, 'there is none good save one, that is God'—not even the Incarnate Son of God, for He *increased*, as in wisdom, so also in favour with God. Divine perfection and human moral perfection, we repeat, are quite different things. There can be no one absolute ideal for man, independent of the varying conditions of individual lives, static and fixed, and the same in content for all or for the same man at every stage of his development from infancy to death. Perfection such as is within human reach is comparable to a fixed ratio rather than to a fixed quantity; for human nature itself is not a constant

but a variable. Development necessarily involves imperfection, as judged from an absolute standard, in all but its final stage. Moreover, perfection, with us, must admit of degrees, though at first sight this may seem paradoxical. And it must also admit of different kinds. The usual denial that perfection can be applicable at all to developing beings is founded on the assumption that development is but a means to an end. This, however, may be wholly a mistake. There may be perfect progress, and therefore progress from one perfection to another. There is one perfection of the rosebud, another of the rose; there was a perfection of the Child Jesus, and a perfection of the Man of Sorrows. Rosebud and childhood have a perfection of their own, and both may realize the purpose of God, quite apart from their being necessary stages on the way to expanded flower and to mature manhood.

If we thus recognize that perfection is no one fixed thing, but is necessarily one thing for God and another for man, one thing for childhood and another thing for the mature saint, it is possible to assign intelligible meaning to our Lord's charge 'be ye perfect'; perfect 'even as' God is perfect, though not with the same kind and order of perfectness.

Literature.

WHO'S WHO.

MESSRS. A. & C. BLACK have issued *Who's Who for 1918* (21s. net). It contains 2642 pages—surely one of the 'stoutest' books published in a year of war. It is also one of the most popular books. We are interested in many things, but most of all in one another. Who's Who?—that is the very question everybody asks of everybody else. And there probably never was man or woman or book that could answer it so fully or so accurately as Messrs. Black's wonder. Yes, accurately. Test it wherever you have the ability. The accuracy is due, first of all to the editor [to whom we lift our cap, accuracy is our foible], and secondly to the method. The method is to make every man and woman responsible for his own biography, including his publications, his recreations, and his address or addresses.

It is an excellent method; but it needs to be controlled. The small are too ready to usurp the space of the great, and must not be allowed to do so. Some men are anxious to give the titles (and all the rest of it) of every pamphlet they have published. We would exclude pamphlets—though we must admit that we have been indebted to *Who's Who* for the exact title of a pamphlet when we could find it nowhere else.

Messrs. Black have also issued the 1918 edition of *The Writers' and Artists' Year Book* (2s. net). Its splendidly complete lists of Journals (British, Colonial, American) and Publishers are a great service.

IMMORTALITY.

Canon B. H. Streeter and Miss Lily Dougall have together edited another up-to-date book of

Oxford theology. What is so up-to-date or insistent in its demands for exposition as the life to come? Yet we think the title is not the very best. The five authors whose essays are here, met together to discuss the topics they were to deal with, and they came to agreement on them all. So it may be presumed they agreed to call the book *Immortality* (Macmillan; 10s. 6d. net). But the *fact* of another life which that title suggests is much less discussed in the book than the nature of it. A better title would have been 'Future Life.'

Canon Streeter himself describes the future life with his very remarkable gift of imaginative and persuasive writing. He is not always orthodox, but that does not disturb him; he is determined to be always in touch with reality. His picture of Heaven is quite plausible. Is it not even attractive? But we think he exaggerates the unattractiveness of the ordinary hymn-book Heaven. Its worth is not in its imagery; it is in its Christ. Paul did not say 'to depart and to be in heaven is far better.' He said 'to depart and to be with Christ.' The 'goodness, beauty, and truth' which make up life, and which Canon Streeter properly insists upon, are all in Him. Christ gives the hymn-book Heaven its reality.

Mr. C. W. Emmet has a memorable essay on Hell. The word signifies punishment, not discipline, and to most minds punishment that never ends. Mr. Emmet is at one with the modern mind in rejecting that idea. But he is a sensitive and trained expositor of Scripture, and he admits that Scripture is not with the modern mind altogether. Well, he will go beyond Scripture. He has Christ's encouragement. Deliverance from the Hell even of St. Matthew's Gospel is one portion of the truth into which he believes it was the Master's promise that the Church should be led.

Three essays are contributed by Miss Lily Dougall, the author of *Pro Christo et Ecclesia*. Their topics are as up-to-date as any—Spiritualism, Theosophy, and the Undiscovered Country—and so is their treatment.

But mention must be made, and that with some emphasis, of an article by an Army Surgeon, Mr. J. A. Hadfield, on 'The Mind and the Brain.' It is crowded with thrilling facts; and it comes to thrilling conclusions.

Last of all—Mr. Clutton-Brock's two articles, especially the one entitled 'A Dream of Heaven.'

What does the fact of death do for us?—that is the theme. It does not land us in Purgatory, for Purgatory is purging, and what we need is enriching. 'We shall be purged enough by leaving this world and its phantoms behind us; but we shall be weak and empty after the process. In some cases that thread of self connecting this life with another will be very thin. There will be little reality to remember from the past when all the phantoms are forgotten, but in that small residuum of reality will be the faint beginnings of the future life. Whatever we have known of reality here will help us to recognize reality there. Whatever we have really loved here will be there to be loved again, to be recognised like the sound of bells from an old city church, like the swinging open of gates, like the sunrise over the mountains, like all those things that are eternal to us, that seem to call us into that place when no more time shall be "but steadfast rest of all things firmly stayed upon the pillars of eternity."'

INSTINCT.

Many books have been written on Instinct, many have been written recently, for it is one of the scientific things that at present are most puzzling to scientific investigators. But few books have ever been written on *Instinct in Man*, and Dr. James Drever's fine volume is opportune (Cambridge: At the University Press; 9s. net).

Dr. Drever begins with a series of welcome definitions. He defines Biology, Physiology, Psychology, and above all Instinct itself; and he delimits the boundaries between Psychology and Philosophy. He has proceeded for 150 pages, more than half the book, before he reaches Instinct in man, for there is no hope in a plunge into subjects of this kind; it must be slow progress, every step tested and secured before another is taken. Only in this way can a treatise on Instinct be scientific; in this way Dr. Drever's book is truly entitled to that coveted designation.

The book is valuable to the teacher of Religion. It is a psychological book, and no teacher can ignore the progress of psychology. It touches some of the deepest, or at any rate some of the most difficult, problems of life and conduct—the influence of heredity, human responsibility, the place of the emotions, the value of fear, the struggle between originality and imitation.

Occasionally Dr. Drever sets himself against the current. This is an example: 'The importance of curiosity and wonder, as the basis of that "intellectual curiosity" and disinterested love of the truth, which furnish the driving power in scientific research, and philosophical investigation and speculation, has been sufficiently emphasized in the past, and by many writers of all shades of opinion. Perhaps it has been over-emphasized. In education, at all events, the tendency has been to interpret that interest which the teacher must utilize and guide, in order that successful school work may go on, almost solely in terms of curiosity. This involves two educational errors. The one lies in ignoring, or belittling, practical interests, which are sometimes more valuable, and often more fruitful, than theoretical interest. The other is what amounts to an assumption, that theoretical interest is always reducible to curiosity. To interpret curiosity vaguely as the impulse or desire "to know" amounts to a suggestion that the questioning attitude always involves curiosity, when, as a matter of fact, it frequently does not involve curiosity at all, or only to an insignificant extent. A gap in my knowledge may be theoretically of no significance, I may not even be conscious of it as a gap, while practically it may mean the difference between success and failure in something I wish to do. In such a case—and in everyday life there are scores of them—it is some other impulse, not curiosity, that makes me conscious of the gap, that gives it significance, that furnishes the motive force inducing me to strive to fill it up, that gives, in other words, the desire "to know." The other side of the story has been so often emphasized, that there seems little danger in occasionally emphasizing this side.'

TURGENEV.

Mr. Edward Garnett has a great opinion of Turgenev. His book, entitled *Turgenev: A Study* (Collins; 6s. net), is a direct answer to those, in this country and in Russia, who compare Turgenev with Tolstoy and Dostoevsky to the disadvantage of the first. 'They admire his language, his beautiful style: they pay lip service to him as "a poet." They even admit that he was "a great artist," but they do not suspect that his intellectual pre-eminence is disguised from them by his very æsthetic qualities, balance, contrast, grouping,

perspective, harmony of form and perfect modelling, qualities in which Turgenev not only far surpasses Tolstoy and Dostoevsky, but any nineteenth-century European.'

The fault found with Turgenev is that his scenes and characters are not taken from life. They are 'bookish,' 'conventional,' even 'unreal.' Mr. Garnett disproves every word of it.

But what a philosophy of life these Russian writers have, and Turgenev most unrelievedly of all. How is it that life has come to mean to them mere misfortune, and duty nothing but patient acquiescence, with only an occasional wild hopeless challenge? Mr. Garnett describes it well. Does he share it? This is what he says: 'Both Turgenev's temperamental melancholy and irony are seconded by, indeed are enrooted in, his calm piercing perception of the ineffectual struggle of virtue in the vortex of worldly power. All the great literature of all the ages warns us that the world is mainly swayed by force and craft, twin-children of human necessity and appetite. Virtue, beautiful in its disinterested impulse, as the love of truth, has always to reckon with the all-powerful law of life, self-interest, on which the whole fabric of society is reared. Goodness is but a frail defence against the designs of force and egoistic craft. We see magnanimity falling before unscrupulousness; while the stupidity of the mass of men is twisted adroitly by the worldly to their own advantage. While Turgenev's philosophy reinforces the experience of the ages, his pictures of life are distinguished by the subtle spiritual light which plays upon the egoistic basis. In his vision "the rack of this tough world" triumphs, but his peculiarly subtle appeal to our sense of spiritual beauty registers the common earthiness of the triumph of force and evil. That triumph is everywhere; it is a fundamental law of nature that worldly craft and appetite shall prevail, whelming the finer forces, but Turgenev's sadness and irony, by their beauty of feeling, strengthen those spiritual valuations which challenge the elemental law.'

CHARLES WHIBLEY.

Mr. Charles Whibley is a 'tory.' How do we know that? Because in his *Political Portraits* (Macmillan; 7s. 6d. net) he describes a 'whig,' and says: 'Thus has the Whig spoken from the beginning, in those far-off days when he served the

Devil, the first of his kind. Thus shall the Whig speak, until with the smug satisfaction of a false martyrdom he beholds his land in ruins.' Further, because his heroes are Clarendon and Beaconsfield, his villains Gladstone and Cobden. And chiefly because he proves to his own perfect content that *Shakespeare* was a 'tory.'

'Shakespeare, then, perceiving the permanent, unchanging elements of politics, was a wise Tory. He cherished no superstition of universal brotherhood; he did not preach equality for a doctrine; the liberty to which he aspired was liberty of thought, not liberty of the hustings.' Thus Mr. Whibley. And his method is the usual one. He quotes the sayings and sentiments of 'tories' throughout the plays and makes them the sentiments and sayings of Shakespeare himself. So Shakespeare can be (and has been) proved to be a barber, a physician, a dyer, a jack-of-all-trades, and master of them all.

All the same this is a charm of a book, so sound is the author's confidence in his opinions, so unerring is his use of the best idiomatic English.

LOGIC.

Benedetto Croce is nothing if not original. He glories in overturning every previous system of Logic. And his translator, Mr. Douglas Ainslie, glories with him. 'I think that this Logic will come to be recognized as a masterpiece, in the sense that it supplants and supersedes all Logics that have gone before, especially those known as formal Logics, of which the average layman has so profound and justifiable mistrust, for the very good reason that, as Croce says, they are not Logic at all, but illogic—his healthy love of life leads him to fight shy of what he feels would lead to disaster if applied to the problems that he has to face in the conduct of life. It is shown in the following pages that the prestige of Aristotle is not wholly to blame for the survival of formal Logic and for the class of mind that denying thought dwells ever in the *ipse dixit*. Indeed, one of the chief boons conferred by this book will be the freeing of the student from that confusion of thought and word that is the essence of the old formal Logic—of thought that rises upon the wings of words, like an aviator upon his falcon of wood and metal to spy out the entrenchments of the enemy.'

Mr. Ainslie complains that Dr. Croce has not

received credit for his originality. 'One of the most stimulating portions of the book will, I think, be found in Croce's theory of error and proof of its necessity in the progress of truth. This may certainly be credited to Croce as a discovery. That this theory of the uses of error has a great future, I have no doubt, from its appearance at certain debates on Logic that have taken place at the Aristotelian Society within the last year or two, though strangely enough the name of the philosopher to whom it was due was not mentioned. A like mysterious aposiopesis characterized Professor J. A. Smith's communication to the same Society as to the development of the ethical from the economic activity (degrees of the Spirit) some years after the publication of the *Philosophy of the Practical*.'

The new book—*Logic as the Science of the Pure Concept* (Macmillan; 14s. net)—is not so difficult to read as its title and its earlier pages seem to promise. The translator has done his work well. The difficulty that exists is due to the subject and the novelty of the author's attitude. Close reading is of course necessary as well as continuous reading. But the tension is now and again relaxed by the discovery of so simple (or seemingly simple) a paragraph as this: "He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow" is a false saying, because the increase of knowledge is the overcoming of sorrow. But it is true, in so far as it means that the increase of knowledge does not eliminate the sorrows of practical life. It does not eliminate, but *elevates* them; and to adopt the fine expression of a contemporary Italian writer, superiority is "nothing but the right to suffer on a higher plane." On a higher plane, but neither more nor less than others, who are at a lower level of knowledge,—to suffer on a higher plane, in order to act upon a higher plane.'

Return to the translator. 'It is my hope,' says Mr. Ainslie, 'that this original work, appearing as it does in the midst of the great struggle with the Teutonic powers, may serve to point out to the Anglo-Saxon world where the future of the world's civilization lies, namely, in the ancient line of Latin culture, which includes in itself the loftiest Hellenic thought. It is sad to think that the Germans have relapsed to barbarism from the veneer of cultivation that they once possessed, particularly sad when one comes upon the German names that must always abound in any treatise on the development

of thought. Their creative moment, however, was very brief, and the really important names can be numbered on the fingers of one hand, that of Emmanuel Kant being corrupted from the Scots Cant. Of recent years the German contribution has been singularly small and unimportant, such writers as Eucken being mere compilers of the work of earlier philosophers, and without originality. The foul-souled Teuton will need a long period of re-education before he can be readmitted to the comity of nations upon equal terms—his bestiality will ask a potent purge.

MAGGIE BENSON.

Mr. A. C. Benson's books usually arrest you at once. Not so the biography of his sister—*Life and Letters of Maggie Benson* (Murray; 7s. 6d. net). Almost half of the book, the first half, is uninteresting and unimportant. But when you discover that this is really a remarkable woman and lay yourself out to observe her ways, the interest becomes keen enough and never lets you go till the end.

Miss Benson was not a letter-writer. As she says, her letters are mostly 'too short and tell you nothing.' But sometimes they are long and valuable—valuable for the intellectual force of them and their utter sincerity. The best are those written to Mr. Stewart McDowall. And perhaps the best characterization of Miss Benson is by him: 'I remember her clear-sighted, humorous, and epigrammatic summaries of acquaintance. She was a quick, and generally, though not always, a very sure judge of people, and not naturally expansive. Some people were rather afraid of her. I think she was even more appreciative on the intellectual than on the personal side. She didn't suffer fools very gladly always, though personally I never felt a touch of intolerance or impatience. She was always extraordinarily *bracing*, especially in times of illness or anxiety.'

Her father's influence does not seem to have been good for her; she was too much afraid of him. Then at the end the sensitiveness which shrank from his 'heavily-loaded gun' became altogether a disease, and she suffered greatly from depression and suspicion. Nevertheless it is a life of encouragement—a bracing life, as Mr. McDowall says.

There are two good stories of Queen Victoria.

'A lady was presented to her, and some one said afterwards to the Queen that the lady had been very much impressed by her. Upon which the Queen said "It doesn't matter what she thinks of me: what matters is what I think of her."'

'Miss Hodgson described how her great-aunt was doing lessons with Miss Croker, the adopted daughter of the First Lord of the Admiralty, on the day of Queen Victoria's accession. The Queen came in and said: "Miss Allworth, I am Queen of England, and I wish my first present to be to you. What shall it be? I shall rule my kingdom on Bible principles, so I will go out into High Street, Kensington, and buy you a Bible." She did so, and wrote in it "Victoria Regina, 1837." That Bible is bequeathed to Miss Hodgson.'

And this description is Miss Benson's own: 'What an unexpected and splendid character for a Queen—that little straight intelligent vigorous girl, with enough appetite for pleasure to be healthy, and enough sense of duty for a regiment, and a warm and simple heart, and the dignity of reality.'

SIR COLIN C. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF.

One of the proposals sure to be made when the war is over is that certain countries should be placed under the control of more than one Power. So let us hear what a man of experience and judgment and strictest integrity has to say about dual control. Sir Colin C. Scott-Moncrieff was an engineer. He did memorable engineering work in India, but he will be longest remembered for his irrigation triumphs in Egypt—unless posterity should regard the abolition of *corvée* as a greater benefit to the world. He knew Egypt as few have known it, and he knew it under the dual control of Britain and France. Well, this is what he says:

'If you mean that the Great Powers in congress should some day resolve that the tottering Ottoman Power is no longer to curse so much of God's fair earth, and if they should, mutually agree to divide the spoil among them, and give the European provinces, say, to Austria and Greece, and Armenia to Russia, and Syria to France, and Egypt to us, if such a thing is possible and could ever be justified, I think it might work all right. But I must emphatically disbelieve in a united control of several Powers in the same place.'

The Life of Sir Colin C. Scott-Moncrieff has been edited by his niece, Mary Albright Hollings.

(Murray; 12s. net). It is unexpectedly interesting. That is due mainly to two things—his letters and himself. He enjoyed letter-writing and wrote often, and his correspondents kept his letters. But he was greater than his letters. And his greatness appears to have been due, not to extraordinary intellectual ability, but to sincere faith in Christ, which expressed itself in conscientiousness and courtesy. He did everything as well as he could do it, and he took no credit for the result. When the merchants of Alexandria presented him with an address, he replied: 'I must be permitted to take all the too flattering expressions used towards me as intended equally for those officers who have worked with me. For it is not by attending office in Cairo (which is all that I have done) that good irrigation is produced, but by daily inspections and perpetual travelling, by constant watchfulness over a large staff of subordinates, by total indifference to exposure to the sun, by the disregard of all personal comfort. This is the life my officers have led, and it is no little satisfaction for me to know that the merchants of Alexandria appreciate their work.'

When he proposed to leave Egypt, Nubar Pasha called upon him, and said: 'Is it true that you are thinking of leaving Egypt? Don't do it. If you go, the *corvée* comes back; many bad things come back, all goes back. If ever you must go, see that you send a man of heart; mind not about his being a clever engineer; that is work easily got, but, after all, send a man of heart.' Lady Scott-Moncrieff overheard this and proudly sent it home to her parents.

When he first went to Egypt, Nubar Pasha sent for him: 'After repeating that he could not make me Minister of Public Works, and that he must put in a native, he said: "Voulez-vous avoir un homme capable, ou une nullité?" "Une nullité, s'il vous plaît, Excellence," I replied. "Ah, mon cher, vous avez raison, vous avez raison, je vous chercherai une nullité." And he was as good as his word, and appointed a very nice old fellow—Rushdi Pasha—to be my nominal chief.'

REALITY.

'In this volume'—the volume is *Reality and Truth*, by John G. Vance, M.A., Ph.D. (Longmans; 7s. 6d. net)—'I have attempted to lay bare the last supports on which everything must rest.

The questions are deeply technical, but at the same time of such abiding interest to all thoughtful men, that I have deliberately laid aside the technicalities as well as the useful but inhuman jargon of the multitudinous schools, in probing and establishing this doctrine of Critical Realism. This vision of the problems and their solution depends upon no name, no tradition, no authority, no assumption, no postulate. It stands or falls by its own intrinsic arguments, and by the plain facts which tell their own tale. For the rest I have endeavoured to set forth the whole sequence of ideas with all the clearness and precision of a geometrical proposition; while, as a lover of English, I have tried to remember the suppleness, wealth, and beauty of our language. There is little enough reason why clearness in thought and structure should not go hand in hand with concision, simplicity, and grace of expression.'

Not often is an author so successful in estimating his own creation. Not always has he imagination enough, not always courage. The offer of a book of philosophy with the clearness and precision of a geometrical proposition is surely a courageous offer. But it is more nearly realized than human efforts usually are. The secret of the success lies in Professor Vance's gifts. These are sharp clear telling phrase and clear unemotional thinking. These gifts are enough to make any scientific book successful, if it deals with a subject worthy of their exercise. Assuredly Dr. Vance's book will be read. Since Professor William James left us, no philosophical volume has been offered to the public in which sound sense and captivating language have been more victoriously united.

THE CONVERSION OF EUROPE.

Dr. Charles Henry Robinson is the author of a History of Christian Missions in the 'International Theological Library,' and by the writing of that book he has made himself known as one of the great historians of our day. For even the most determined *laudator temporis acti* will surely admit that we have a few great historians in our day. Canon Robinson has now written a history of *The Conversion of Europe* (Longmans; 18s. net), which will certainly take nothing away from the reputation which he has obtained. It is a volume of serious history, written in a style of sustained elevation and yet surprising simplicity, and dis-

tinguished on every page by the tolerance and good judgment of the scholar.

There are passages in the book which some of the circumstances of the war have made exceptionally interesting. In telling the story of the conversion of Belgium, Dr. Robinson says: 'Early in the fifth century the development of Christianity in Belgium was interrupted by the invasion of Huns, Vandals, and other tribes who in 407 crossed the Rhine and devastated the land, destroying the churches and killing or reducing to slavery its inhabitants. Jerome, in a letter written in 409, refers to the cities destroyed by these marauders in Belgium and France, specially mentioning Tournai, Théroutanne, Rheims, Arras, and Amiens. The final result was that a large part of the work of the Christian missionaries had to be done over again, as was the case in England after the invasion by the Saxons. Remigius bishop of Rheims, after baptising Clovis and his warriors on Christmas Day 496, sent Vedast to Arras and Antimond and Athalbert to Théroutanne, but for at least a century no extensive missionary operations were carried on within the limits of what is now Belgium.'

Still more significant is Dr. Robinson's account of the way in which the Teutons came into Prussia with a profession of Christianity in their hands. He says: 'There is a note of pathos, not to say tragedy, in the story of the conversion of Pomerania and of Prussia, inasmuch as in both cases the land did not become Christian till the inhabitants whom it was sought to convert had been practically exterminated, and this as a direct result of the process of conversion. In both instances the Church which was eventually established was in chief part composed of Germans or men of Teutonic race who forcibly supplanted the earlier Slavonic inhabitants. In the case of Prussia the methods employed and the results attained remind us painfully of the missionary activities of the Spanish conquerors of Mexico and the West Indies. The judgment, moreover, which Prescott passes upon the Conqueror of Mexico is the judgment which the charitable student of the conversion of Prussia will be inclined to pass upon the Christian knights who forced upon that land a profession of Christianity. Prescott writes: "When we see the hand red with blood . . . raised to invoke the blessing of Heaven on the cause which it maintains, we experience something

like a sensation of disgust at the act, and a doubt of its sincerity. But this is unjust. We should throw ourselves back into the age—the age of the Crusades. . . . Whoever has read the correspondence of Cortés . . . will hardly doubt that he would have been among the first to lay down his life for the faith. . . . There can be no doubt that Cortés, with every other man in his army, felt he was engaged in a holy crusade." The only other country in Europe in which the forcible conversion of the people was accompanied by cruelty similar to that which attended the conversion of Prussia was the kingdom of Norway, but in this case the oppression of its non-Christian inhabitants was of comparatively short duration and was followed by religious tolerance, which did much to obliterate the effects of the period of persecution.'

THE ART OF DYING WELL.

The Art of Dying seems to have been studied in the Middle Ages more than it is now. There was one book in Latin (*De arte Moriendi*) which became very popular, and there were block-books which were more popular still, especially in England, Germany, and France. These block-books contain illustrations 'depicting the five great temptations which beset the soul at death.' These temptations are embodied in the forms of hideous demons, which are repelled by angels and saints, and by Our Lady, who is the great interceder and last resource of the Dying Creature.' The Latin treatise was translated into English by Richard Rolle. At least it has usually been ascribed to him. There are three manuscripts of it in existence. The MS. in the Bodleian has been turned into modern spelling and edited by Frances M. M. Comper, and has been published under the title of *The Book of the Craft of Dying* (Longmans; 6s. net). Within the same volume the same editor has included 'other early English tracts concerning death,' taken from MSS. and printed books in the British Museum and Bodleian libraries. The whole has been introduced by the Rev. George Congreve, S.S.J.E.

The first thing that strikes one is the workmanship of the book itself. Whatever the ancients could do in the art of dying, moderns can do something in the art of book-making. In spite of the war and the scarcity of paper pulp, this volume is beautifully printed on beautiful paper, and daintily

handled in every way—quite a delight to the lover of books as books, whatever the contents may be.

Mr. Congreve's preface is not remarkable; it is indeed somewhat obvious and ordinary. But originality is scarcely to be looked for on such a commonplace subject as dying. Quotations are made from several writers, from Bunyan among the rest; and it is a pleasant surprise to find Bunyan so familiar to a Roman priest. But the best quotation is from this very book, and becomes quite an appetizing introduction to it. Much of the book is more curious than comforting; fortunately it is also more quaint than terrifying. If it does not help us to die well upon whom the end of the ages has come, at any rate it gives us a vivid picture of the manner in which the mediæval Christian prepared himself to meet his God. It was an elaborate and often absurd preparation; but God knows how to translate our utmost absurdities into acceptance, if only we are humble-minded and sincere.

THE DOCTRINE OF CREATION.

The doctrine of Creation demands new exposition. We have been fighting shy of it far too long. To disregard Evolution was impossible. To accept Evolution seemed to be to disregard Creation. The Right Rev. J. E. Mercer, D.D., formerly Bishop of Tasmania, has at last done what should have been done long ago. He has done it well. Accepting the evolutionary process without reserve, he has shown conclusively that we can and must retain all that is worth retaining in Creation.

His single axiom is *Ex nihilo nihil*. With that he discovers in the Universe a conscious, purposeful, rational Will—and he is content.

Will you grant his postulate? He gives grounds for claiming it: 'Our reason demands, on the one hand, that Nothing shall mean Nothing; and science demands, on the other, that we shall trace back all that exists to what previously existed. *Ex nihilo* needlessly outrages common sense, trained reason, and scientific postulates. It is assuredly simpler and more natural to hold that the Creation is, in some mode of externalization, the expression and embodiment of the will, the mind, the love of an eternal God. Such a doctrine does not in any wise interfere with emphasis on the transcendence of the Creator; and it gives content, full and rich, to emphasis on His immanence.'

On Genesis and its cosmology he is firm and

courageous. 'I cannot but agree with Driver in his conclusion that when we turn to the Mosaic Cosmogony for supernatural information on points of scientific fact, we mistake its whole purpose. I also agree with this reverent and cautious critic in his further conclusion that there is nothing in the cosmogony of science that is in conflict with the deeper teaching of the Genesis narrative, nor anything which can obscure the wonder of its insight and speculative power. There must be few nowadays who cannot unite keen appreciation of the larger harmony with hesitation to force it into perfect consonance.'

The title of the volume is *The Problem of Creation* (Longmans; 7s. 6d. net).

A DIPLOMATIC DIARY.

The name of Hugh Gibson will be read henceforth in all the great records of the great war. For he it was who fought so hard for the life of Nurse Cavell, and was beaten at last only by incredible meanness and deception. The guilt of that deed will not be wiped out for many a day, nor the memory of the man who tried to prevent it. Mr. Gibson was Secretary of the American Legation in Brussels. He kept a diary in which he recorded the day's happenings just as they happened. The diary has now been published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton under the title of *A Diplomatic Diary* (7s. 6d. net).

It is one of the most valuable sources of information for the actual state of affairs where Germans held sway, and for the actual crimes they committed, that we possess. The author's sympathies were with the Belgian people, but his accuracy and openness are unassailable. He has more of the gift of literature than Mr. Gerard, and his book is more interesting, in spite of the Kaiser's letter and other sensations which the American ambassador to Berlin had to thrill us with. Indeed, nothing could possibly thrill one more than the quiet intense narrative of every hour's endurance as the struggle was being maintained for Miss Cavell's life. That is the climax of interest, but the book beats with expectancy from cover to cover.

THE HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY.

'A Doctor of Hermetic Science,' whatever his name may be, has done a difficult enough thing in

condensing into one volume the writings of Andrew Jackson Davis, known as the Seer of Poughkeepsie — *The Harmonial Philosophy* (Rider; 10s. 6d. net). For the writings of the Seer of Poughkeepsie extend to twenty-seven volumes, and they are 'full of repetitions, verbiages and extraneous material.' That he has correctly represented the Harmonial Philosophy in his single volume has been disputed, as the author himself tells us. In particular, it has been asserted that 'an undue space has been given to descriptions of the Summer Land, as Davis claims to have seen it in his "superior condition"'; to which the reply is that these descriptions have 'been always the chief attraction of his "revelations," and that his "harmonial philosophy," apart from these as a title or warrant in seership, would scarcely demand presentation in a new form, its great occasional insight and suggestion notwithstanding. It is in connexion with these more especially,' says the author, 'that this work has been undertaken, and to mark the philosophical aspects of the claim respecting intervention between the physical and spiritual worlds.'

Who was Andrew Jackson Davis? He was the first spiritualist. Born of very poor and ignorant parents, he met in his teens a mesmerist, and discovered that under mesmerism he could do and say astonishing things, that, in fact, he was an adept in clairvoyance. The 'scenes' took place at the town of Poughkeepsie. With the help of a lady who afterwards became his wife, he published a volume which was the most readable and became the most popular account of his visions and trances, and of the philosophy fastened thereon. The title of the book was *The Principles of Nature*. But the philosophy was called the Harmonial Philosophy, from its character and from the title of a later book, *The Great Harmonia*.

What is the Harmonial Philosophy? Says this Doctor of Hermetic Science: 'The doctrine, in a word, was that the world beyond is as natural as this world of ours; that it is neither the heaven nor hell of official Christianity; that it is simply this world spiritualised, and that men and women in their psychic bodies are as men and women here in the bodies of flesh, but with better opportunities of progress and a far better environment. They are encompassed by helpers innumerable, so that those even who pass from the life of earth in a state of hardened criminality have every encourage-

ment to amend and ultimately never fail to do so. In a word, the gospel of Davis, in common with that of Spiritualism, cast out all fear concerning the life to come.'

GIBRALTAR.

The present Bishop of Gibraltar, the Right Rev. Henry J. C. Knight, D.D., has written a History of *The Diocese of Gibraltar* (S.P.C.K.; 7s. 6d. net).

It is a curious name to give the diocese which Dr. Knight oversees; for besides the Rock, it covers Malta, Northern Africa, Austro-Hungary, France, Greece, Italy, Portugal, Roumania, Russia, Spain, Turkey, and Asia Minor. If Gibraltar is his own Cathedral, the Bishop of Gibraltar cannot be much at home. And when he travels he does not travel for health or pleasure. There is an idea that the best thing for a sickly or weary clergyman is to obtain a chaplaincy within the Diocese of Gibraltar. The Bishop refutes that idea. 'The work of the Church in this field is of an exacting and a unique character. The idea that it can be adequately done by tired or delicate clergy is, with very few exceptions, most misleading. Certain features in it make it spiritually exacting, and call for constant ministerial alertness. To minister to a flock living in unsettled and artificial conditions, without the wholesome regular occupation of life, separated from home and children, of a fluctuating and migratory character, on one side; on another, the amount of ill-health, anxiety, grief, bereavement, which escapes the notice of those who have eyes and minds only for landscape or art, and the amusements and gaiety of the hour, but which ever grows in volume as years of residence and work reveal what is often bravely and studiously concealed, make great demands on ministerial patience and nerves. When the resorts are full, the number of services on Sundays, and especially on great Festivals and holy Seasons, and the ministrations called for during the week, demand not only spiritual energy, but also real physical strength in many chaplaincies. The atmosphere of pleasure-seeking, and of much thoughtless and selfish worldliness, and the casting off of conventional restraints especially in regard to the observance of Sunday, and the ever-present gambling problem, tax the spiritual standard of life and Christian faithfulness and wisdom.'

How does the Bishop of Gibraltar find time to

write books? And to write so well? This book is well written and of wider interest than the wide diocese. It is also, we are sure, an utterly reliable history. For Dr. Knight is not the man to be content with superficial research or general observation. He is a trained scholar, with a conscience for accuracy to the minutest fact and figure.

The volume contains illustrations, including portraits of the Bishops of Gibraltar from Tomlinson to Collins. Why is there no portrait of the author of the book?

The entry of America and the speeches of the President have given democratic ideals a fine advertisement and impulse. Mr. J. A. Hobson would spread that advertisement and intensify that impulse. His book on *Democracy after the War* (Allen & Unwin; 4s. 6d. net) is an intensely earnest, almost fiercely earnest, appeal to anti-militarists everywhere to have done with militarism and all its works, and give democracy at last an opportunity of showing what it is and what it can do. The language he uses about the mere imperialist, especially when he is found among the clergy, knows neither restraint nor reserve; and if there are clergy of so imperialistic a mind and so anti-democratic an influence, they deserve to be spoken of with some force of language. For if, after the war, these men are to have their way with us, it were just as well for us that we had never entered into it. But Mr. Hobson is too sweeping; he must discriminate. We do not know one single person whom his description would fit entirely. Nevertheless it is a book on the right lines, and whatever it is it is that emphatically.

The Future of the Disabled Soldier (Bale; 6s. net) is the title of a work of very great and very hopeful interest, written by C. W. Hutt, M.A., M.D., D.P.H. It is a book first of all for the disabled soldier himself. Let him read what has been done already in the way of finding work for him, and making him fit for the work. The progress that has been made in the manufacture of artificial limbs is astonishing. And not less astonishing is the ease and effectiveness with which they are used by the disabled men even after a short period of training and experience. Many illustrations are here from photographs. We see the men doing things they never hoped to be able to do again, and doing them comfortably.

But the book is to be read by everybody. Who has a heart unmoved as the men pass on crutches or with empty sleeves? Who does not wish that something could be done to help them? Here is something that can be done. To encourage the work here described is to do good, immediate and undeniable. And it needs just our encouragement to make it effective and far-reaching.

Considering the long and faithful alliance that has existed between Britain and Portugal it is a disgrace to us that we know so little of the country of Vasco da Gama. We may remove the reproach a little by reading the *Portuguese Portraits* of Aubrey F. G. Bell (Blackwell; 5s. net). The portraits are of King Dinis, Nun' Alvarez, Prince Henry the Navigator, Vasco da Gama, Duarte Pacheco Pereira, Afonso de Albuquerque, Dom João de Castro. Besides the pen portraits there are photographic portraits of five of them.

The Rev. C. W. Emmet, B.D., has published *A Plea for a Revised Use of the Psalter in Public Worship* (Milford; 6d. net). It is an earnest utterance, both frank and reverent, the utterance of a man who is loyal at once to the Church and to the truth. Mr. Emmet says plainly what should be done to the Psalter.

The Rev. Harry Smith has sent out the last annual volume to be edited by him of *Morning Rays* (R. & R. Clark; 1s. net). Volume after volume has been noticed in THE EXPOSITORY TIMES, some good new thing being found in every one of them. We hope the next editor, the Rev. John Muir, will find both pleasure and success in his work.

The Rev. L. Swetenham believes that we are on the eve of a new Renaissance. And it will be better than the first. For it will be spiritual. The first Renaissance was intellectual and rational. What are we to do to bring about so desirable a revival? We are simply to clear obstacles out of the way, and leave the rest to God. What are the obstacles? Worldliness, and the too well-known etcetera. The book which sets forth all this is called *A New Spiritual Impulse* (James Clarke & Co.; 2s. 6d. net).

'I feel as if I wrote you the dullest letters and

can't help it, and Frdk.'s statement that my letters are the most interesting reading he has at present is an unblushing lie, unless indeed he reads nothing else, which is quite likely.'

Those of us who have enjoyed Frdk.'s privilege will be of his mind. The letters are *Letters to his Wife*, by R. E. Vernède (Collins; 6s. net). You never read letters that were less obviously written to be published, or more obviously written to tell just what the writer was going through. This is realism if you like, and as clean (morally, not physically) as a Highland stream. 'The Boches shelled us twice yesterday after I wrote, but only for a little, I'm glad to say, as everybody had had enough, I think, and several of the oldest hands said it was the worst shelling they had ever been through. Our casualties were remarkably small considering that wherever you crouched two or three shells seemed to split over your head every second. We had only five killed and about a dozen injured. T. sat most of the time with a wounded man across his knees, and the man said he knew it would be all right when the captain came along: which I thought was rather nice. One of our best sergeants was killed—a very nice man who was rather a friend of mine, though not in my platoon. I think the men are wonderful and awfully good to one another. The C.S.M. was knocked senseless by the same shell that injured the man I mentioned, and when he came to, dragged him into the dug-out, to which I traced them by a pool of blood. Even the chef, when I went for the stretcher-bearers, dashed out and leapt an open part of the trench where it had been crumped in to go and help, which I'm afraid will render me weak-minded towards his cookery in future; the shells flying as hard as ever. It's an extraordinary sensation—every portion of the trenches seemed to have shells exploding over them and you were nearly deafened by the near ones. I really was in a great state of funk, but I'm not sure that it's avoidable. The least sensitive of the men, I fancy, are strung up to the last pitch, and I doubt if even T. was as cool as he looked, though looking it is all the battle under the circumstances.'

The last two paragraphs of the book are:

'I think it will be summer soon, and perhaps the war will end this year and I shall see my Pretty One again.'

'Deeply regret to inform you that 2nd Lieut. R. E. Vernède, Rifle Brigade, died of wounds, April

ninth. The Army Council express their sympathy. —Secretary, War Office.'

To their series entitled 'Heroes of all Time,' Messrs. Harrap have added a biography of *Cardinal Wolsey*, by René Francis, B.A. (2s. 6d. net). It is a surprise to find that the author has a poor opinion of Wolsey's accomplishments, saying: 'In the most readable of all Zola's works, *Son Excellence Eugène Rougon*, the hero is called by his admirers and parasites, so long as he is in power, *le grand homme*, but when out of office and unable to help them in their place-hunting he is called *le gros homme*. One feels inclined, at moments, to apply this comparison to Wolsey, in the sense of calling him a "big" man rather than a "great" man. For the fact of the matter is that Wolsey's was essentially a selfish life, and though it loomed large in the eyes of his generation, it had no wonderful effect for good or utility for England, for his contemporaries, or for posterity.' An estimate of Wolsey which has just been published by Mr. Charles Whibley is the direct contrary, and shows that posterity may differ not less than a man's own contemporaries as to his worth and influence. But the work that Wolsey did is quite faithfully recorded here, and he himself before the end becomes 'the great man.'

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton have issued an illustrated gift edition of certain of Laurence Binyon's poems under the title of *For the Fallen, and Other Poems*. The poems are 'For the Fallen,' 'The Fourth of August,' and 'To Women.' They are printed in a special clarendon type on soft white paper with large margins. The illustrations are in colour and very taking in their suggestion of Whistler's most popular work. It is a book for the heart rather than the hand; for the table rather than the shelf.

The Rev. W. Bardsley Brash, B.D., has written and published some *Letters to 'The Happy Warrior'* (Kelly; 1s. net). He has a great opinion of the happy warrior of to-day, as he well might have. The little book has some crisp anecdotes and illustrations in it. Here is one: 'I have been greatly consoled by a story Dr. James Moulton told me of a Didsbury gardener who made many experiments in obtaining new colours in sweet-peas. There was a deep red that he sought, but

could not find. One night there was a storm, with a biting, icy east wind. When the gardener came down in the morning he found that some windows in the greenhouse had been broken. He looked at some sweet peas, and saw on them the colour he had before so long and vainly sought. The icy cold wind had wrought the miracle. He told me that a little time after this the gardener died, and that he went to comfort the family. He did not know what to say. When he reached the house he told them the story, and said, 'The cold wind has blown, but there will be in our souls a deeper red.'

Mr. E. P. Stebbing was appointed transport officer to a unit of the Scottish Women's Hospitals going out to Salonika. When they reached Salonika they were sent up to Ostrovo, not far from the fighting line. So the book which the transport officer has written is called *At the Serbian Front in Macedonia* (Lane; 6s. net).

It is written in great detail. But the danger of loss of interest in the multitude of affairs is met by the frequent introduction of 'good stories.' Mr. Stebbing tells these stories, whether new or old, just as they were told to him. Clearly he did not mean his book to be read at mothers' meetings. Rather he raises the question in one's mind whether the introduction of swear words really adds to the humour of a good story.

Much light (some of it lurid) is thrown on the ways of both seamen and landmen, their courage and their carelessness. For example this on the way out: 'The voyage through the Bay was uneventful. Beyond being picked up by a British destroyer or two there was no excitement save off Cape Finisterre one evening, when from the upper bridge the captain saw, to his indignation, a broad beam of light issuing from the troop deck. Some repair work was being done by the engineers! But why at night? No answer was forthcoming. The captain was furious. It is positively extraordinary how careless or callous people become on this subject of lights if it interferes with their momentary comfort. The captain said that every voyage there would be surely one or more instances of it. On one voyage early in the war he was on a transport carrying 3000 troops. She was a big passenger steamer with rows of portholes in her sides. They were in the Red Sea, and at that stage it was a danger zone, the whereabouts of the Germans

being still unknown, all not having been rounded up at that time. Late at night, in his watch he looked aft from the bridge and there lay a broad beam of light issuing from one of the portholes amidships. "Enough to give us away a dozen times over."

The book is illustrated from the author's own photographs. Evidently he set out to make a book and determined to do it well.

The latest of the Lay Reader's little books on Non-Christian Religions is *Present Day Buddhism in Burma*, by the Rev. W. C. B. Purser, M.A., and *Druzes and the Secret Sects of Syria*, by the Rev. Canon J. T. Parfit, M.A. (Lay Reader Headquarters, 7 Dean's Yard, Westminster; 3d. net each). They are both the work of specialists and well written.

The Rev. J. O. Johnston, D.D., Chancellor of Lincoln Cathedral and sometime Principal of Cuddesdon College, has published a number of addresses given by him at Cuddesdon to men preparing for ordination. The title is *Men of God* (Longmans; 3s. 6d. net). And to urge that those who seek ordination should be men of God is all the object of the addresses. They must be called, prepared, follow Christ, be converted, resist temptation, study, confess their sins, and keep the Commandments. On each of those points there is one urgent address.

The Evangelical also is a Churchman. The Rev. A. E. Barnes-Lawrence, M.A., proves it. In a series of addresses entitled *A Churchman and his Church* (Longmans; 1s. 6d. net) he shows with unmistakable clearness and some warmth of emphasis how 'high' the doctrine of an Evangelical is on the Church, the Ministry, and the Sacraments—how much higher indeed (that is, nearer the mind of the Highest) than any doctrine that tends towards magic or materialism.

When He is Come (Longmans; 2s. 6d. net) is the title of some 'Studies in Retrospect and Forecast' by the Rev. A. C. Bouquet, S.C.F. Mr. Bouquet has no detailed scheme of religious reconstruction to put forward. He is a minister of Christ, and believes that he can render his fellow-countrymen the best service by saying quite honestly what he believes. For 'what people

expect is that the clergy should have a mind of their own, even if it produce something with which the laity disagree. "Tell us what you stand for," they say. "Don't try to keep in tune with the artillery. You may succeed in that at the expense of your principles. Tell us what you stand for, and when this tyranny is overpast we will perhaps try to build Jerusalem upon the ruins which we have made. Don't tell us we were wrong ever to engage in this grim undertaking. You know that we could not honourably refuse it, and we look to you to comfort and sustain us in 'carrying on' until the safeguards be obtained which all sober men who are not blinded by war-lust believe to be necessary. Then tell us to stop, and do so fearlessly without counting the consequences."

The boldest of the papers is on 'Trying to see Both Sides.' In that paper there is an appreciation of Professor Troeltsch of Heidelberg which anybody might be glad to read. 'Alone of all the German professoriate, he has lifted up his voice to protest against the sentiments of the "Hymn of Hate." He has since lapsed into silence, because, as he is reported to have said: "All my colleagues have gone mad. What is the use of my writing any more?" Yet as a student of history and of comparative religion he has always maintained an independent and temperate attitude of mind, and he has set us a striking example of that national self-criticism which must inevitably precede any efforts at the reconstruction of our religious life.'

The late Judge T. Troward was one of the most distinguished adherents of New Thought. He was also one of its most acceptable exponents. After his death there was published a book which he had written entitled *The Law and the World*, with an Introduction by Mr. Paul Derrick (McBride; 5s. net). No criticism or compliment will explain the character of the book so well as the quotation of the following paragraph:

'In the early part of 1902 Marconi made some experiments on board the American liner *Philadelphia*, which brought out the remarkable fact that, while it was possible to transmit signals to a distance of fifteen hundred miles during the night, they could not be transmitted further than seven hundred miles during the day. The same was found to be the case by Lieutenant Solari of the Italian Navy, at whose disposal the ship *Carlo Alberto* was placed by the King of Italy in 1902,

for the purpose of making investigations into wireless telegraphy; and summing up the points which he considered to have been fully established by his experiments on board that ship, he mentions among them the fact, that sunlight has the effect of reducing the power of the electro-magnetic waves, and that consequently a greater force is required to produce a given result by day than by night. Here, then, is a reason why we might expect to see more supernatural appearances, as we call them, at night than in the day—they require a smaller amount of force to produce them. At the same time, it is found that the great magnetic waves which cover immense distances, work even more powerfully in the light than in the dark. May it not be that these things show that there is more than a merely metaphorical use of words, when the Bible tells us of the power of Light to dissipate, and bring to naught, the powers of Darkness, while the Light itself is the Great Power, using the forces of the universe on the widest scale? Perhaps it is none other than the continuity of unchanging universal principles extending into the mysterious realms of the spiritual world.'

The Rev. E. O. James, B.Litt., F.G.S., is one of the younger men who have taken to the study of anthropology and comparative religion. These men are more numerous than some of us think. Mr. James has been trained under Dr. Marett, who contributes an introduction to his book on *Primitive Ritual and Belief* (Methuen; 5s. net). Under Dr. Marett's training Mr. James has acquired not only an enthusiasm for his subject and the skill to discern matters of consequence in it, but also the necessity for strict accuracy in the discovery of facts, and the right use of the English language in setting them forth. We have been particularly struck with the chapter on 'The Beginning of Theism,' from which we see that recent study of religion sets aside the ghost theory of Spencer and also the animistic theory of Tylor, as efforts to explain the origin of religion. 'The evidence,' says Mr. James, 'of the belief in a High God or, as Howitt terms him, an All-Father, in Australia, is sufficient evidence of itself to show that the theory of Tylor and Herbert Spencer which explains the Supreme Being in primitive cult, as merely the idea of spirit or ghost, carried to the highest power, is no longer tenable. It has

already been demonstrated that in the Australian myths the High God is represented as existing before Death entered the world, and that he still exists in the sky. He is seldom conceived as a spirit. He is simply an eternal being, who lived long on the earth, which he is often supposed to have had a share in creating, and then went to his own place, whence he watches over the natives and their conduct, especially during the initiation ceremonies.

Few books combine information with entertainment in larger measure than books on primitive religion, and Mr. James's book is one of the best in both respects.

In *The Holy Spirit in Faith and Experience* (S.C.M.; 4s. 6d. net), Professor A. Lewis Humphries, M.A., discusses the real difficulties of the doctrine of the Holy Ghost. There is no easier task than to write on that doctrine. Big bulky volumes have been written on it—without once coming into touch with reality or offering a single profitable suggestion. Professor Humphries has written a reasonably small book, and every word of it is worth weighing.

He arrests the attention at once by offering three chapters on the Old Testament doctrine of the Spirit. There are scholars who say that there is no such doctrine. They will say so no more. These three chapters are true to the best scholarly traditions, and they not only establish a doctrine of the Spirit in the Old Testament, but also expound a richer Old Testament doctrine of God.

The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge has begun the issue of a series of small books on 'The Romance of Missions.' The first volume on *Beginnings in India* (2s. net) has been entrusted to Dr. Eugene Stock. Space, and perhaps the purpose of the series, confine him to the Missions of the Church of England. These he describes attractively, with all the necessary names and figures, and just incident enough to give the book human interest.

The Rev. P. J. Richardson, M.A., late Vicar of Seaton, Devon, has published a volume on *Fellowship with God in Prayer* (S.P.C.K.; 2s. net). He works along the history of man's intercourse with God as it is revealed in the Old Testament. He is thus at once an expositor and a writer in devotion.

The exposition is perhaps a little out of date scientifically once or twice, but on the other hand it is always very much up to date in spirituality. The devotion is always sincere and instructive.

The Rev. Bernard M. Hancock, Vicar of St. James's, Southampton Docks, has prepared a Manual for Pastoral Visitation, and given it the title of *Pax Huic Domui* (S.P.C.K.; 2s. 6d. net). To repeat what the author says about his purpose is the most satisfactory notice of the book: 'First, we try to make clear to ourselves what is the great purpose for which we have come to the sick man, namely, to bring Peace. Then (ii.) follow some short offices, which leave large scope for *extempore* prayer. (iii.) An arrangement of the whole of our Prayer Book Office as a "Mission" to a single soul. (iv.) Some general readings, including one on the duty of the sick to be helpful to their doctors. (v.) A selection of short sayings, which may be left as last words, and an Appendix containing among other matter an outline of Instructions which may be used for long or chronic cases, as well as generally in classes.'

Very attractive is the centenary edition of *Hymns of the Eastern Church*, translated with notes and an introduction by the Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D. (S.P.C.K., 2s. 6d. net). It must be difficult to re-issue classics in these times, but there is no sign of paper famine here.

Christ our Sacrifice, by Margaret Perceval, S.Th. (S.P.C.K.; 1s. net), is offered as an introductory study on the Atonement. Short, simple, and unassuming as it is, you will not find a better book for the beginning of the study of any great doctrine—and this is the greatest of all doctrines—whether for the understanding or for the teaching of it.

If the new series of volumes to be published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and entitled 'The Romance of Missions,' is to give us much work of the quality of Bishop Gilbert White's book, *Round about the Torres Straits* (2s. net), that series will be one of the most popular as well as profitable in all the literature of missions. It is quite a small book, within a hundred pages, and it is nothing more than a record of Australian Church missions, that is, missions belonging to the Church of

England. But it is written with so much humanity, so much sympathy and humour and enthusiasm, that one may very well read it more than once. The author's opinion of the Australian aborigines is a surprise. He says: 'It is my deliberate opinion that the aborigines at Yarrabah have shown themselves as capable of those qualities of discipline, unselfishness, self-restraint, and fixity of purpose which go to make up civilized social life as any other race.' Afterwards he tells a delightful story of an aboriginal, called Neighbour, who was being taken in chains to prison somewhere on a charge of theft although innocent, and who plunged into the flooded river, chains and all, to save the life of the constable who was escorting him.

What is it after all but that the Australians are just a little younger in the world's history than ourselves? Bishop White tells us about an official church awakener, who 'had an ancient black rod with a silver top, originally, I fancy, part of an umbrella, with which he went round and prodded every member of the congregation who fell asleep under the sometimes very long-winded exhortations of the native deacons.' Have we not heard of that official ourselves in the days of our fathers?

In *God, the War, and Britain* (Stock; 1s. net) the Rev. C. C. Dobson, M.A., Vicar of St. Peter's, Paddington, gives the Devil the whole credit for the war (the Kaiser being presumably his instrument). But he gives God the power (over the Devil) to turn the war into good. And we shall

see that justice and judgment are always in the earth.

There is a small book published in Edinburgh about *How St. Andrew came to Scotland*, by a writer who knows—knows both history and philology—though he is too modest to give us his name (Turnbull & Spears; 1s. net).

The book which Principal W. E. S. Holland has published, through the United Council for Missionary Education, under the title of *The Goal of India* (2s. net), is unpretending without and within; but we advise those who have any interest in missions or in India to read it. Every word is weighty. Knowledge and responsibility and the love of the Hindu and of Christ make together for exceptional impressiveness.

The *R.P.A. Annual* for 1918 (Watts; 1s. net) is as rationalistic as ever but less warlike. The war is in it certainly, especially in Mr. C. T. Gorham's article 'The World after the War.' The first article is a poem, reminiscent of Lucretius in the length of its lines and some of its antipathies; but Mr. Eden Phillpotts is not calm enough for immortality. Professor Gilbert Murray writes on 'The Essence of Christianity,' and Dr. E. S. Hartland on 'Religion among the Indians of Guiana.' These are the articles that give the Annual its distinction. Mr. William Archer's paper on 'Humanity the Best Policy' is third because of its brevity, but it is a good third.

The Gardener in the Epic of Paradise.

By S. LANGDON, M.A., SHILLITO READER OF ASSYRIOLOGY, OXFORD.

READERS of THE EXPOSITORY TIMES will remember that a somewhat violent discussion has been conducted concerning the writer's volume, *The Sumerian Epic of Paradise: The Flood and the Fall of Man*, a discussion marked with all the vituperation so characteristic of Assyriology. Those among us who steadfastly seek peace even at the sacrifice of truth will venture into this soiled arena with great misgiving, but clothed at any rate with the armour of goodwill towards all those critics who seriously study the facts and honestly seek to understand the author's work. The main

points raised by the remarkable six-column Sumerian tablet now in the Nippur Collection of the University Museum of Philadelphia were as follows: ¹

¹ These theses rest naturally upon my interpretation of the Sumerian text as the theses of my critics repose upon their own. When other scholars assert with vehemence that there is no Paradise, or that there is no Fall of Man in this text, they mean, of course, that their interpretation of the text leads them to these results. That would be the truly critical way of stating their case in the interest both of science and of justice. Until the French edition of my volume is ready, the author begs to refer to his corrections in the *American Journal of Semitic Languages*, 1917, 250-260.

(A) Columns I. and II. of the obverse describe the Sumerian legend of Paradise which, according to the writer's interpretation, endured for a vast period of time, from the creation of the world to the Flood, in which man lived to fabulous ages, and knew neither disease nor trouble. Paradise was located in Dilmun, on the eastern shore of the Persian Gulf.¹

(B) In Column II. of the obverse, Enki, the water-god, source of all wisdom and art, ruler of mankind in Dilmun, became angered against mankind because they failed to keep the rule of the cults, and decided to destroy mankind by a deluge. Column III. of the obverse describes how the mother goddess Nintud appealed to Enki through the messenger Isimu on behalf of a pious man who is said by Enki to be unatoned. Nevertheless Enki prepares a boat for him, and then again the deluge which will come is described. Finally this pious son of man is atoned, the deluge descends, mankind dissolve like fat in the waters. After the Deluge we find the mother goddess in conversation with one Tagtug,² who has the title of a god, and is called a gardener.

(C) The reverse, Column I., relates how Tagtug, lone survivor of the Flood, became a gardener,³ and received revelations from the god of wisdom, Enki.

(D) Reverse II. describes how Enki decreed the fate of a plant,⁴ whereupon the mother goddess asks Enki's messenger what this may be. In reply the messenger says that Enki orders man to eat from eight kinds of plants, ending with the cassia. But the messenger says that Enki had placed the plant of fate in the centre of the garden. Since

Ninharsag the mother goddess at once pronounces the curse:

The face of life⁵ until he dies⁶ not shall he see.

it seems evident that the loss of perfect health followed upon the eating of the plant of fate.⁷ The gods bewail the fate of man. The Flood had ended the Utopian age, and the curse of Ninharsag had taken away the priceless gift of health and longevity.

(E) In Reverse III. the gods send eight patrons of the arts and cultures to aid man in his sorrowful existence. There is an undoubted connexion of ideas between these eight patrons and those of the Hebrew story in Gn 4. [The writer never maintained a philological connexion between these names, a view that has been most unjustly attributed to him. But the idea of divine patrons arising to aid mankind after the loss of Paradise is as clear in the Sumerian legend as it is in the Hebrew version.]

The writer discussed at length and in detail the Eridu version of the Fall of Man as known from the poem of Adapa, and pointed out its connexion with the version of the Fall in the Jahvistic document of the Hebrew, whereas the Nippur tablet in general agrees with the Priestly Code, so far as we know its version of the Fall of Man. Now these are far-reaching results which ought to have been discussed by the critics *sine ira et con sinceritate*. This great belief in a lost Paradise permeated Sumerian theology, and evidences of it lie on every hand. It gave rise in the middle of the third millennium B.C. to a passionate longing for the restitution of the age before the Flood, and the belief in deified kings who had come as messiahs, begotten of the gods, to restore the lost age. I do not mean to say that this myth of a lost Paradise was entirely responsible for the extraordinary cults of deified kings which dominate Sumerian religion in the last centuries of its existence. But the hymns sung in the worship of kings such as Dungi of Ur and Ishme-Dagan of Isin afford all the evidence we can desire that the Sumerian people actually

⁵ *I.e.* good health.

⁶ *I.e.* as long as he lives.

⁷ To those who raise the objection that no forbidding injunction concerning this plant is issued, and the text does not describe a transgression of eating therefrom, those who have been initiated into the style of Sumerian poetry will reply that such an hiatus characterized all their compositions. The same kind of omissions recur in the great Gudea Cylinders and in all of their great poems.

¹ The first line of this epic is, 'They that slept, they that slept are ye.' At the left edge is a break; hence the first half of the line rests upon a restoration. Jastrow and Barton restore [*ki-asag-ga-]ám*, and render 'In a holy place.' This is impossible. Forms ending in *ám* are usually not locative but emphatic, and in this case, if this restoration be made, the rendering would be, 'It is an holy place, they that slept are ye,' which is meaningless. Moreover, the restoration *ki-asag* violates liturgical usage in which the first line is repeated with the proper addition in the second (or third here). For the liturgical style at the beginning of a passage, see *Sumerian and Babylonian Psalms*, pp. 38, 52, 96, compare lines 1 and 3.

² Reading *Tagdur* also possible.

³ Some of the critics began by denying that the word for garden exists in the text. That objection was unfortunately founded on conjecture, for the word is clearly written (*Rev.* i. 26, 41) and is no longer questioned.

⁴ *Rev.* ii. 17.

believed that these rulers were gods made flesh to dwell among men and restore him to his lost estate.¹ In one of the liturgies chanted in the adoration of Dungi there is a passage which distinctly confirms the writer's interpretation not only of the Epic itself, but of the profound theological ideas which moved the minds and inspired the souls of men in those great days of our religious history. The passage referred to occurs in a liturgy which praises the god king for having brought peace and happiness to the land of Sumer. And it refers to the Flood as the time when the cruel age of toil began.

Once on a time the spirit, the wrathful word, the Deluge² gathered all.

The raging storm uttered its roar with terror.

The devastating spirit with its seven winds caused the heavens to moan.

The violent spirit caused the earth to quake.

The storm god in the vast heavens shrieked.

And there were little hail stones and there were great hail stones.

But now the brick walls of the Temple of the Seal shine with splendour.

A king am I³; the storm winds. . . .⁴

So in the joy of their emancipation under the incarnate god Dungi, the legend of the Fall of Man and the loss of Paradise is referred to in order to magnify the greatness of his achievement. Now the entire theology and cult literature of the age reflects the belief in the Fall of Man. It can

¹ The best examples of these liturgies to deified kings hitherto translated will be found in the writer's *Historical and Religious Texts*, Munich, 1914, pp. 9-18, two hymns to Dungi, king of Ur, in the 25th century, and in *Sumerian Liturgical Texts*, Philadelphia, 1917, pp. 136-140, hymn to Dungi; 143-9 and 178-84, hymns to Ishme-Dagan, 23rd century. Three more hymns of this kind will be found transcribed and translated by the writer in the *Proceedings of the Society of Biblical Archaeology*, 1918. See also the remarkable text discussed and partially translated in the *Museum Journal*, vol. viii. No. 3, University Museum, Philadelphia.

² Sumerian *mar-ur*, Semitic *abubu*, the ordinary word employed for the Flood in the Semitic legend as preserved in the eleventh book of the Epic of Gilgamesh. The text here is not my own copy, but that of Myhrman, *Publications of the Babylonian Section*, of the University Museum, Philadelphia, vol. i. pl. 13; *Rev.* iii. 68.

³ Liturgies chanted before the statues of these living deified kings often introduce them in the first person precisely as the liturgies to any of the major gods have passages in which they are represented as speaking to the people as though actually present.

⁴ *Historical and Religious Texts*, p. 19.

be understood only in the light of this interpretation.

I should like to adduce now another religious document of the period which further substantiates in a most striking way the interpretation which the writer made of the deified Tagtug, the gardener of Paradise. This name has the determinative 'god' before it precisely as do the deified kings of the period. But the deification of heroes is much older in Sumerian religion than the age of which we have been speaking. Prehistoric rulers who for unknown reasons became the subjects of myth and legend appear in the traditions of the Sumerians with the rank of gods. So Gilgamesh, half-human, half-divine, according to the Epic in which he is the chief hero, has the divine title, although he is known to have been an early ruler of the dynasty of Erech. Etana, hero of the poem which describes his flight to heaven on the wings of an eagle, has the divine title in the Semitic poem, although he was a ruler in a prehistoric dynasty. Two of these demigods actually attained a place in the theological lists of the real pantheon.⁵

⁵ Tagtug,⁶ or the deified Tagtug, gardener in the Epic of Paradise, is obviously an ancient king, and, since he is the hero of the Flood in this version, the last king before the Flood. At any rate he was a hero made by tradition into a demigod and accorded the rôle of the founder of agriculture. The tablet to which I refer is a single column tablet of the Philadelphia Collection, carrying sixty-one lines, all but six quite well preserved.⁷ The contents are divided in sense and style into two parts—Obverse 1-24 and Obverse 25 to the end. The first section describes the world after the creation, but before vegetation, animal life, and civilization had appeared. Lines 5-6 of the obverse have this remarkable statement:

5. (When) of the Land (of Sumer) its saviour (?) Tagtug had not been created.

6. (When) for Tagtug a foundation⁸ had not been laid.

⁵ Enlilzi and Ur-Sin, *Sumerian and Babylonian Psalms*, 152 14 f.; Genouillac, *Tablettes de Drehem*, A.O. 5501 ii. 21; *Cuneiform Texts*, of the British Museum, vol. xxiv. 8. 1 (cf. 6. 20); *Babylonian Liturgies*, p. 147.

⁶ The letter *d* is an abbreviation for *dingir*, 'god.'

⁷ Ni. 14005, already published in transcription and translation by Professor G. A. Barton, *Journal of the American Oriental Society*, 1917, vol. xxxvii. p. 36. The text is reserved by the same scholar for publication, hence the writer utilizes the text only so far as necessary.

⁸ Said either of a palace or of a temple.

The Sumerian text is:

5. *kalama azag (?) -bi* ^a*Tag-tug nu-ub-da* ¹*-an-dim-ma-dš.* ²

6. ^a*Tag-tug-ra* ³*temen nu-mu-na-si-ga-dš.*

Unfortunately the second sign of line 5 is doubtful, which with the syntax assigned to this line ⁴ would more clearly specify the character of the hero.

Lines 17 f. of the obverse are likewise interesting:

17. Tagtug had not been born and had not been crowned. ⁵

¹ This verbal form is passive, see *Sumerian Grammar*, § 199, p. 146. The *aš* at the end governs *mu* as a compound relative adverb = when. This *mu* occurs at the beginning of line 3 f., but is omitted at the beginning of line 5. Lines 3-6 are all dependent upon this compound adverb.

² Barton now renders this line, 'Tagtug created land and water.' Against this rendering can be urged the following points. Sumerian never places the subject after the object. At any rate examples are unknown to me. If *e* be read for the doubtful sign, *kalam-e-ki* cannot mean land and water, for *kalam* in Sumerian never means land in the material sense, but only land as an organized state. It commonly means Sumer, as 'the land.' Again Sumerian cosmogony does not contemplate, in any of the texts which refer to the Creation, the creation of water. That is a principle which the legends universally assume as already existing in chaos. Finally the verb *dim* is not active with inserted *da* unless it can be shown that a postfixed *da* precedes the verb, whereby the idea of accompaniment is obtained. But no such construction exists here, and the verb must be passive. Finally lines 17 f. show that Tagtug was a deified man to whom the creation of the world would certainly not be attributed. Personally I prefer the value *dim* = *šurku*, 'to educate,' 'bring up,' and would suggest, '^aTagtug had not been reared.'

³ At first thought one might conclude that *Tag-dur-ra* is the true reading, but *ra* is the post-positive particle, not the phonetic complement. See also the large Nippur tablet *Rev. i. 38*.

⁴ The anticipative construct.

⁵ Literally, 'had not lifted a crown.'

18. The lord, god of the floods, ⁶ the precious lord had not been born. ⁷

Not only is Tagtug specifically defined here as one who ruled over mankind, but he is associated with that other hero of ancient mythology, Tammuz, who also appears as a prehistoric deified ruler in the dynasty of Erech. Of Tammuz, that incarnation of vicarious suffering who lives and dies, Sumerian and Babylonian religious texts have already informed us much. He was construed into the greatest of all culture heroes, and his worship spread throughout the ancient world. Tagtug certainly stood for equally deep motives in Sumerian religion, and these ideas are now partially disclosed by the records of Nippur. In the Barton tablet he symbolizes the beneficent rule of the heroic age whose inauguration the remainder of that tablet describes. Whether he actually ruled in Sumer is here of no vital consequence. In the legend of the Fall of Man he was chosen as the hero whose piety saved the race of man and whose indiscretion involved the loss of health and divine life on earth. Even so Adapa, most wise of mortals, according to the Fall of Man as propounded in the schools of Eridu, brought about this disaster through the cajolery of a jealous god.

Other searching suggestions are raised by these discoveries. Perhaps tempestuous discussion may still be unabated, but new ideas and new facts are upon us. A reconstruction of our most familiar theological cosmology is inevitable as the religious texts of Sumer slowly yield us their difficult secrets.

⁶ *en mir-si*, ordinarily ^a*en-mir-si*, a frequent title of Tammuz as god of the waters in which he was annually drowned.

In the Study.

Michal.

'As a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a fair woman without discretion.'—Pr II ²².

THE women mentioned in the Books of Samuel are, for the most part, distinguished for their piety. But what shall be said of Michal?

No portrait in the Old Testament is drawn with more distinctness than that of this second daughter of Saul, the wife of Saul's rival and successor. There are lessons of a very valuable kind to be

learnt from the delineation, but it does not appear that the sacred writer has taken special pains with the subject for the purpose of edification; rather the portrait is sharply defined because the original was herself a marked character with strong lineaments and an unmistakable personality.

I.

i. That Michal was impressionable and impulsive appears from more than one instance in the Bible story. When David, fresh and ruddy, rich

in manly beauty and strength, came to the Court of her father, and began to fill men's mouths with the fame of his prowess, the young girl allowed her fancy to linger about him until she found herself in love with him. She made no secret of her affection; but she does not appear to have perceived any of his highest qualities. And David on his part took little notice of his *inamorata* and showed no anxiety to make her his wife. He was at the time in that mood of the young Adonis when the blandishments of Venus fall very tamely on a heart engrossed in manly exercises, the pursuits of the field, and feats of arms. Saul, on the other hand, was anxious to put his daughters in David's way, not with the desire of making him a son-in-law, but with the malicious purpose of entrapping him. They were baits to entice him to his doom.

As the traveller in the desert is often lured, by a false vision of water and freshness, to turn aside from the track which leads to the tried and established fountains, so the Evil One will take advantage of a natural yearning towards the better, to delude the soul with a self-flattering belief in a visionary virtue, higher than the ordinary fruits of the Spirit.¹

2. But the question of David's marriage is a difficult one, and appears to involve some contradictions. First of all we read that a daughter of Saul, along with great riches, had been promised to the man who should kill Goliath. Later we are told that the hand of Merab, the elder daughter, was offered to David as a spur to warlike enterprises against the Philistines, and the hope of Saul was that, lashed by the ambition of seeming acceptable in the lady's eyes, he would attempt the impossible and fall by the hand of the enemy. But Saul's cunning was brought to light by his own conduct; for when David had earned his bride, and looked forward to the fulfilment of the promise, Merab was given to Adriel the Meholathite (1 S 18¹⁹), and David was exposed to the derision of the Court.

Then it was, perhaps, that Saul said, 'I will give him Michal, that she may be a snare to him, and that the hand of the Philistines may be against him.' The Philistines regarded David as a mortal enemy, and Saul secretly hoped that they might avenge the death of their champion. Saul's plot was deep and dangerous. One man would surely fall before a hundred Philistines. But he who dared to meet Goliath single-handed was not

daunted by a hundred Philistines. David's commission was speedily commenced and successfully concluded. 'And Saul gave him Michal his daughter to wife.' Michal's secret love could now be openly shown. Perhaps it had not been very secret.

Though the Bedawin themselves will not admit that love-making or flirtation is easy to be carried on in the wide open plain, seeing that every movement can be observed by the whole camp, yet I am inclined to think that they find ways and times to manifest their preference. Love-making like that of Occidentals is prohibited; still, as has been repeatedly mentioned, cases of real love are met with, and especially among the Bedawin, whose open-air life and contemplation of Nature give them more poetic feelings than those of the ever shut-up Madaniyeh, expecting to be surprised with the veil off at the turning of any corner, or of the ever-busy Fallaha, too much occupied with her continual duties.²

II.

1. In the married life of David and Michal one thing becomes immediately apparent. The beautiful woman captivates the heart of her husband. She, on her part, is for the present devoted to him. And as a wife she reveals herself as capable of doing a noble action. Her hero-husband had achieved another brilliant victory over the national foe, and he had been rewarded by another murderous attempt on the part of her demented father. Rising from the banqueting-room, David sought his wife and his home.

A woman, and especially a wife, has eyes and ears that are very sensitive, that see and hear things that would never reach the senses of the man. And it was so here. It would never have occurred to David that Saul's emissaries would be lying in wait at his door to put him to death. But Michal got to know of it: she knew what it meant; how full of danger the situation was for her husband; and it is to her credit, a proof of her devotion, that she took the side of her husband as against her own father, and was instrumental in saving David's life.

The Prussian Consul at Jerusalem, who was of courteous and gentle manner, appreciated the desire of the Pasha to understand the life of a European household, and welcomed him at all times.

The Pasha became specially interested in the household affairs which, without ceremony, Madame Rosen discharged in his presence. After awhile, in a confidential talk with the Consul, he avowed that the European system of managing a house was distinctly to be preferred to that of the Oriental, in that dishonesty was completely checked in the

¹ George Eliot (Rufus Lyon, in *Felix Holt*).

² P. J. Baldensperger, in *Palestine Exploration Fund Quarterly Statement*, April 1901, 174.

servants; this he declared was truly excellent, but still he added, 'There is one point I cannot understand; your wife effectually guards you from dishonest servants, but what check have you to prevent her from defrauding you herself?'¹

2 While capable of a noble action, Michal was both designing and deceptive. Her quick-wittedness devised the means of escape, deceived the messengers of Saul to gain time, and invented a ready story to disarm her father's wrath. Her fear of her father was greater than her love for truth; and her love for her husband greater than her hatred of sin.

The messengers who came to the house to kill David in the morning took Michal into their counsel, and expected her aid in their design. But she came to him at once, and entreated him to escape. With her own hands she let him down through the window, and he, with hurried farewells to the woman whom he had learnt to love, and who was now saving his life at the risk of her own, fled to Samuel at Ramah. Meanwhile she arranged his bed with the Teraphim in it, and then brought the king's messengers to the chamber; showed them the apparently sleeping form, and inquired how they could possibly touch a sick man!

The men carried back the message to their master. There is a peculiar ferocity, an absolute brutality, in the king's next order, 'Bring him up to me in the bed, that I may slay him.' Evidently he was enraged, and either he felt that it would be a satisfaction to murder David with his own hand when unable to defend himself, or he saw that his servants could not be trusted with the dastardly business. The messengers entered the house, and instead of David they found an image in the bed, with a pillow of goat's hair for his bolster. When Michal was angrily reproached by her father for letting him escape, she parried the blow by a falsehood—'He said unto me, Let me go; why should I kill thee?'

The Teraphim were not such idols as represented Baal or Ashtoreth or Moloch, but images designed to aid in the worship of the God of Israel. The use of them was not a breach of the first commandment, but it was a breach of the second. We see plainly that David and his wife were not one in religion; there was discord there. The use of the images implied an unspiritual or superstitious state of mind; or at least a mind more disposed to follow its own fancies as to the way of worshipping God than to have a severe and strict regard to the rule of God. It is impossible to suppose

that David could have either used or countenanced the use of these images. God was too much a spiritual reality to him to allow such material media of worship to be even thought of. He knew too much of worship inspired by the Spirit to dream of worship inspired by shapes of wood or stone.²

3. Michal was changeable and wayward. During the wanderings, of David she accepted the hand of Phalti, or Phaltiel, 'the son of Laish, which was of Gallim' (1 S 25⁴⁴). The conditions of polygamy seem hardly to admit of romance. But the very dispersion of feeling which that horrible system implies, and the roving incontinence which it fosters, make the devotion with which David sought to recover his first wife the more remarkable, and give a striking evidence of the abiding charm which she had for men who came beneath her spell.

We have no reason to think that Michal ever loved Phalti. But we have the most pathetic proof that he loved her. For when that stroke of fate fell which snatched her from him to restore her to her first husband, we are told that Phalti 'went with her, weeping as he went, and followed her to Bahurim' (2 S 3¹⁶).

It is the punishment of Don Juanism to create continually false positions—relations in life which are wrong in themselves and which it is equally wrong to break or to perpetuate.³

III.

1. Michal was proud and scornful. There are occasions of great rejoicing when all ceremony is forgotten, and no forms or appearances are suffered to stem the tide of enthusiasm as it gushes right from the heart. Such was the occasion of David's bringing up the Ark to Jerusalem. It was one of the great days in David's life; perhaps more to him than all his victories. For the Ark—the sacred symbol of the Presence of that God to whom, with all his faults, he was devoted in every fibre of his being—this Ark was coming home to his capital, there to abide for ever and be the centre of that beautiful temple which is to arise around it and enshrine its awful glory. In such an hour his gladness knew no bounds. He danced his way up the streets, caring nothing of what men would say, caring only for his God.

It was a display of enthusiasm which Michal, as she could not understand it or sympathize with

¹ W. Holman Hunt, *Pre-Raphaelitism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood*, ii. 33.

² W. G. Blaikie, *The First Book of Samuel*, 308.

³ J. Kelman, *The Faith of Robert Louis Stevenson*, 144.

it, had the folly to despise and the cruelty to ridicule. The ordinary temper of the sexes was reversed—the man was enthusiastic; the woman was cold. Little did she know of the springs of true enthusiasm in the service of God! To her faithless eye, the Ark was little more than a chest of gold, and where it was kept was of little consequence; her carnal heart could not appreciate the glory that excelleth; her blind eye could see none of the visions that had overpowered the soul of her husband.

Her eyes were only for the degrading spectacle of a king forgetting his dignity. She saw in it only a vulgar exhibition. How shameless it is! How could David so forget himself! She, a queen and a queen's daughter, to be mated with such a man! How different would her father have been! He was every inch a king. She despised David in her heart, and unfortunately could not keep her scorn to herself, reading her husband that night a very bitter curtain lecture, and cutting him deep with the lash of her biting sarcasm: 'How shamelessly did the king uncover himself to-day!'

What says Salvator of himself? 'Despiser of wealth and of death.' Two grand scorns; but, oh, condemned Salvator! the question is not for man what he can scorn, but what he can love.¹

2. On the mind of David himself, this ebullition had no effect but to confirm him in his feeling, and reiterate his conviction that his enthusiasm reflected on him not shame but glory. But a woman of Michal's character could not but act like an icicle on the spiritual life of the household. She belonged to a class that cannot tolerate enthusiasm in religion. In any other cause, enthusiasm may be excused, perhaps extolled and admired: in the painter, the musician, the traveller, even the child of pleasure; the only persons whose enthusiasm is unbearable are those who are enthusiastic in their regard for their Saviour, and in the answer they give to the question, 'What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?' There are, doubtless, times to be calm, and times to be enthusiastic; but can it be right to give all our coldness to Christ and all our enthusiasm to the world?

'It was before the Lord,' was David's noble answer to Michal's taunting and insulting words. That was the whole explanation of David's emotion and the sufficient justification of it. David's overflowing joy that day had its deep and full spring in

¹ *Modern Painters (The Works of Ruskin, vii. 309).*

that far-off but never-to-be-forgotten day when Samuel came to Bethlehem with his horn of oil.

I observe symptoms of Pococuranteism here, and am always dreading its ascendancy, though we have some who struggle nobly against it. I believe that 'Nil admirari,' in this sense, is the Devil's favourite text; and he could not choose a better to introduce his pupils into the more esoteric parts of his doctrine. And therefore I have always looked upon a man infected with this disorder as on one who has lost the finest part of his nature, and his best protection against everything low and foolish.²

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Virginibus Puerisque.

I.

A Spring Song.

'The time of the singing of the birds is come.'—Song 2¹².

A delicate girl, speaking to a friend, said, 'My body weeps, but inside I want to cry out with joy.' She was one of those people who never lose hope.

We are all meant to be like her. Even the seasons as they come round bring something with them to make us feel happy. Not only the seasons, but each month seems to come with a fresh surprise every year.

December and January—they are cold winter months, but isn't it jolly to have Christmas holidays with snowballing, skating, and perhaps Christmas presents? February—you boys and girls will scarcely believe it, but I think there is no month in the year that is so much longed for. Sick people look forward to its coming. Lying in bed—sometimes all day as well as all night—the winter nights seem to them very long; but they

² *The Life and Correspondence of Thomas Arnold, D.D.*, i. 419.

know that February will bring daylight sooner, they will hear of the snowdrops peeping up, and perhaps some kind friend may bring them a flowering hyacinth. I heard of a lady who said a very beautiful thing about February. It was this: 'I feel I do not want to die when I hear the mavis sing.'

I wonder if you have ever noticed the mavis—or the thrush, to give it its proper name—when you were running to school on a February morning. If you should chance to see one, I want you to listen for his song. It is even worth waiting for. The mavis sings because there is happiness in his heart; he cannot help singing. Ever so many people, some of them perhaps poor and lonely, pass on happier because a mavis flew across their path, then perched on a leafless branch and sang a little song.

St. Francis of Assisi gave up everything, even his friends and home, that he might the better serve his Lord and Master. He loved the birds very much, and somehow the birds seemed to love him. They would fly down from the trees to him, and hover all round about. I have no doubt he was kind to them, throwing down crumbs occasionally, as you might do. One day he preached to them. His sermon was just such a sermon as might be preached to boys and girls; only of course you can't fly, and you don't build nests. You can run, however, and in very many cases with hearts as free of care as the birds. This is what he said, 'My sister birds! You owe God much gratitude, and ought always and everywhere to praise and exalt him, because you can fly so freely, wherever you want to, and for your double and threefold clothing and for your coloured and adorning coats, and for the food which you do not have to work for, and for the beautiful voices the Creator has given you. You sow not, neither do you reap, but God feeds you, and gives you rivers and springs to drink from, and hills and mountains, cliffs and rocks to hide yourselves in, and high trees for you to build your nests in, and though you can neither spin nor weave, he gives you the necessary clothing. Love therefore the Creator much, since he has given you such great blessings. Watch therefore well, my sister birds, that you are not ungrateful, but busy yourselves always in praising God!'¹

The light-heartedness that is like the happiness of the bird is given to boys and girls who with

¹ J. Jørgensen, *St. Francis of Assisi*, 150.

God's help keep themselves pure and true. And our Heavenly Father is always willing to give us that help if we ask Him.

We are all very much clumsier than the birds, but you certainly come nearer to them than your fathers and mothers do. You can, with your happy ways and kind and obliging manners, make the people about you forget their sorrow; and if they cannot forget it, they may take courage to go on even when life seems hard. You know that there are many sorrowful fathers and mothers just now.

Here are three little verses from a short Scots poem about the mavis, which I should like you to try to remember:

A mavis sang on a leafless branch,

An' 'twas only Can'lemas Day:

The win' wis snell, an' he haed nae mate;

But I sensed the drift o' his lay.

The mavis lilt it gaed roon my hert,

An' my conscience it strack wi' micht;

I turned awa' fae the shadows grim,

An' frontet the Howp an' the Licht.

Sae the mavis mauna sing his leen,

Fin there's licht on the hills for me,

Sae I'll tune my throat, tho' it's winter yet,

An' herald the day that's to be.

Boys and girls, can you read a lesson from the verses? The mavis made some one who was very sorrowful take courage. And it only sang its daily song.

II.

A Moth-eaten Garment.

'A garment that is moth-eaten.'—Job 13²⁸.

I want you to take a good look at what I have brought you to-day. It is a cashmere shawl belonging to an old lady who is a friend of mine. She very kindly lent it to me as a text for you.

If you looked at the shawl from a distance you might imagine it was very beautiful, but if you came a little closer you would see that it was all riddled with small holes, just as if a great many bullets had gone through it. I hope some of you can see them from where you are sitting.

Now I wonder who made these holes in the shawl. Well, my friend forgot to put camphor

in the drawer where she laid away her best shawl, and by and by along came Mrs. Moth looking for a nice, soft, warm place to lay her eggs. When she found the shawl she exclaimed, 'Why, here's the *very* thing!' and she lost no time in setting to work.

Shortly after, out of each egg popped a little grub, and as he came out to the world he said to himself, 'I'm really most awfully hungry. I must have something to eat.' So he at once proceeded to eat the thing nearest to him, which happened to be his particular corner of the shawl. And that is how the holes came to be in the cashmere.

Now I think that our characters are a little like this moth-eaten shawl. They were meant to be beautiful and useful, but some destructive moths have eaten into them and spoiled them. I wonder what the names of these moths are? I think they are bad habits, and unkind feelings, and wicked thoughts.

1. There are two ways in which these moths spoil our characters—first, they spoil their beauty; and second, they spoil their usefulness.

(1) *They spoil their beauty.* If you came a little nearer you would see how the moths have spoiled the beauty of this shawl. It is made of a lovely, soft fine wool and must have been very nice to look at once upon a time, but now nobody would wish to wear it as an ornament. It is altogether spoiled. And it is just like that with bad habits. They make ugly holes in our characters. You often meet people who would have been very noble and grand and beautiful if they had not allowed a wicked temper, or an unkind feeling, or a bad habit to get the better of them.

(2) And then, besides spoiling the beauty of our characters, these wicked little moths *spoil their usefulness.* A garment that is badly moth-eaten is of no use. It is quite rotten and tears when we pull it.

Now I think we should all like to be of use to somebody in the world, but if we let those wicked little moths eat into our characters, I'm afraid we shall not be able to do much good. They will weaken our characters until nobody will be able to rely on us.

2. Shall I give you two recipes to help you to keep away the moths?

(1) First, *be busy.* You know it is when clothes

are laid away idle that the moths come to them. I read a poem the other day about a lady who owned a very beautiful garment. It was so beautiful that she thought it was too fine to wear, so she laid it away carefully in a drawer. Guests came to the house, but she received them in sober raiment. The poor and the orphaned came, and she gave them pity, but she never cheered them with a sight of the beautiful garment. It lay wrapped up in a napkin in the dark drawer, its beauty all hidden. And then a feast-day came, and she took out the garment meaning to wear it. But when she shook out its wonderful folds she found that the moths had been busy with it, and its beauty and its usefulness were gone for ever. And the writer of the poem ends with these two lines:

Into the folded robe alone
The moth with its blighting steals.

One of the best ways of keeping good is to do good. If you are busy helping and serving others and making use of the talents God has given you, why, then, you have very little time to harbour wicked thoughts or grow bad habits. The boys and girls that Satan loves to get hold of are those who have no aim in life and too much time on their hands. He usually finds them an easy prey. So the first recipe is—'Be busy.'

(2) And the second is—'Use *plenty of camphor.*' If you keep plenty of camphor among your garments the moths will be afraid to come near them. And what camphor shall we use to keep the moths of bad habits away from our characters? The camphor of prayer. God will never refuse to help us if we ask Him, and when we have this remedy at hand we should all use it.

3. But I'm afraid that in spite of all our efforts there will still be a few moth-holes in the garments of our characters, for all of us began to let the moths have their way before we could even walk or talk. What are we to do then? Are we to go through life with our beauty and our usefulness always a bit spoilt. Sometimes when you have made a big tear in your coat or your frock, mother darns the rent so carefully that you can scarcely see it, but even mother isn't clever enough to get rid of the holes in a moth-eaten garment. But Jesus can mend the holes in the moth-eaten garments of our characters. He, and He alone, can do it, because He alone has lived the perfect life, and He

has suffered and died to make us good. He can take away all the ugliness out of our lives and put our mistakes right, and He can present us at last faultless before His Father's throne with exceeding joy.

III.

Soldiers.

The title of Mr. H. G. Tunnickliff's new volume of sermons to children is called *Marching as to War* (Kelly; 1s. 6d. net). It contains eighteen sermons on great Christian soldiers. One of them is Caedmon, one Mary Slessor, and one Arthur Jackson. This is the sermon on

ARTHUR JACKSON, THE LIFE-SAVER.

One sunny afternoon in August 1901, a little party was leaving a Scottish hotel for a picnic, when a messenger burst in upon them with the news that two men were drowning in a little loch up in the hills. One of the boys, a sturdy fellow in footer shorts, soon gained the lead as they raced to the rescue. It was no easy task to run for more than a mile uphill on a hot afternoon; but Arthur Jackson was dogged, and in a short time he had reached the banks of the loch, where several non-swimmers stood helplessly watching one poor fellow who was desperately clinging, completely exhausted, to the side of a small boat. His companion had sunk before Jackson had arrived on the scene. In a moment the schoolboy took in the situation, and with lightning speed he resolved what would be best to do. Flinging his shoes away, and grasping a rope, he swam out with swift strokes to the drowning man. Deftly he fastened the rope around the poor fellow, and with the help of the hitherto helpless men on the side of the loch he was able to get his man to land.

Nearly ten years had passed away, and in January 1911 another summons for help came to that schoolboy, now a well-qualified doctor, twenty-six years of age. He had gone out to Moukden to serve the stricken in the United Free Church of Scotland Hospital, and he hoped to teach in the new Medical College which was to be built. Then one cold winter day the call came. Plague had broken out in Northern Manchuria. The bitter cold had sent the people crowding into the shelter of their miserable houses, into which they refused to admit the smallest draught of fresh air. The close railway carriages and the stuffy inns were full of

infection, and the dread scourge spread swiftly. The terrified coolies boarded the trains, seeking the safety of their homes in China, and there was grave danger. The plague had reached Moukden, and unless its southward course could be stayed the countless millions of China would be in deadly peril.

Before the last train-load of coolies reached the frontier the plague had seized two travellers as victims, and the train was immediately sent back to Moukden. There were nearly five hundred coolies aboard who must be kept apart, and those who were suspected themselves isolated from the rest. Only in this way could any of the five hundred escape death. Arthur Jackson did not hesitate. The schoolboy who hastened to the rescue of a drowning man had grown to manhood, and his spirit was unchanged. Readily he volunteered for the work, though he knew well that he was embarking on a desperate undertaking, for once a man was smitten with the plague there was absolutely no hope of recovery.

He was needed, and that was enough. It was bitter weather—that night there were sixty-two degrees of frost—but the tall young doctor strode manfully through the snow. He had come out to serve, and this was a chance of service to be seized with both hands. Calmly he put on a white overall, slipped a mask and hood well over his head and face, fixed a pad well saturated with strong disinfectant over his nose and mouth, and drew on his stout oilskin boots.

He forgot all about himself in his anxiety to save life. He did not forget the risk which his two brave English assistants were running. 'Stand back, Elder,' he would cry. 'Don't come too near, Coppin; it's risky, and there's no use all of us running risks.'

He gave loving attention to every patient. Now he would smooth the pillow of some poor coolie; now he would gently steady with his strong arm a sufferer on his way to hospital. Plunging into dirty inns reeking with plague, he brought hope and cheer to the terrified survivors, not one of whom as yet knew whether he would prove to be the next unhappy victim.

At last, after nine days of tireless toil, all seemed well. On the Monday afternoon sixty coolies were discharged, saved from the fatal touch of plague by the British doctor's loving care. Next morning those who remained were transferred

to new quarters; but Arthur Jackson was so ill that, after slowly dressing, most unwillingly he went back to bed. That evening the unmistakable signs of plague appeared, and the next moment he realized this; forgetful of himself, he warned his fellow-doctor of his peril. For twenty-four hours the doctors fought the plague with all their power and skill, but the fight was unequal; the next evening, when the sun was set, the great Physician laid His healing hand upon the young doctor's fevered brow, and gently led him to the land where there is no more pain.

All Moukden was stirred, and the news of the young hero's sacrifice spread far and wide. A few days after his simple burial a memorial service was held in the British Consulate, and was attended by the leading Chinese officials, headed by the Viceroy, Hsi Liang, one of the most important men in the great Chinese Empire. The Bible was opened, and after the Scripture reading prayer was offered. Then the familiar strains of the moving hymn 'For all the saints who from their labours rest' rang out on the wintry air. Then the Viceroy stepped forward, and the silence was broken by these heartfelt words: 'Dr. Jackson, moved by his Sovereign's spirit, and with the heart of the Saviour who gave His life to deliver the world, responded nobly when we asked him to help our country in its need. He went forth to help us in our fight daily where the pest lay thickest. Amidst the groans of the dying he struggled to cure the stricken; to find medicine to stay the evil. Worn by his efforts, the pestilence seized upon him, and took him from us long ere his time. Our sorrow is beyond all measure; our grief too deep for words. O spirit of Dr. Jackson, we pray you intercede for the twenty million people of Manchuria, and ask the Lord of Heaven to take away this pestilence, so that we may once more lay our heads in peace upon our pillows. In life you were brave; now you are an exalted spirit. Noble spirit, who sacrificed your life for us, help us still, and look down in kindness upon us all.'

Arthur Jackson had spoken to the whole world, and his message stands on the memorial tablet placed to his honour in his old school, Merchant Taylors', Crosby: 'He that loseth his life for My sake shall find it.'

Point and Illustration.

The Prophets of the Old Testament.

If the war has raised the question of the worth of Christianity, some things which the war has given Christians the opportunity of doing are not at all a bad answer to the question. Is not one of these the entry of General Allenby into Jerusalem? We have only to read or recall the story of former entries and what followed to see the contrast. It could scarcely be more conspicuous. It is *The Prophets of the Old Testament*, by Professor A. R. Gordon, D.Litt., D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s. net), that has suggested this bit of apologetic. Dr. Gordon does not minutely describe any of the sieges of Jerusalem, but he describes the siege and capture under Nebuchadrezzar sufficiently to make us see that Christianity counts for something.

We are still more struck, however, with what Dr. Gordon says about the patriotism of the prophets. It is found in different places of the book, which, taken together, carry a wonderful lesson in true patriotism. 'In the person of Nahum prophecy is identified with national patriotism. The earlier prophets had turned the fierce light of Divine judgment on their own people; Nahum has eyes for nothing but the destruction of the oppressor.' With eager interest he has watched the crippling of the old Lion, and now that he sees him at bay in his den, and his defences passing one by one into the hands of the hunter, the whole ardour of his Jewish soul kindles within him, and he pours forth his torrent of glowing lava.'

Again, of Jeremiah—'The conflict between prophet and king marks the contrast between *true and false*—or *higher and lower*—patriotism. By the people of Jerusalem the kings who offered so stubborn a resistance to the hosts of Nebuchadrezzar were naturally enough honoured as heroes and patriots, while the prophet who counselled surrender was flouted as a base and cowardly traitor, worthy of death. These sentiments are shared by not a few among Jeremiah's modern detractors. Renan, for example, dubs him a fanatic, an anarchist, "a furious declaimer, who never sacrificed one grain of personal enmity to the good of his country." But Jeremiah was neither a coward nor a traitor. He loved his native land, and fain would have shared his fellow-prophets' glib assurances of its salvation (28⁶). For him, however, patriotism meant

primarily devotion to the moral and religious welfare of the people. This welfare secured, all other good things would be added to them; without it the nation must perish. Like St. Paul, he would gladly have given his own life for his people. Even when the hope of salvation had vanished, he had no thought of deserting them. Through the whole terrible ordeal of the siege and downfall of Jerusalem he remained bravely at his post, striving with all his might to ward off the last and cruellest sufferings of the city, uttering no word of complaint against his persecutors. He showed his patriotism in this, too, that he never despaired of his country. In the course of the siege he redeemed from his cousin the family inheritance in Anathoth at its full value, as a token that "houses and fields and vineyards shall yet again be bought in this land" (xxxii. 15). And he steadfastly declared that Jerusalem should rise from its ashes to a new and better life. That is a long quotation, but is it not worth quoting?

There is a still finer passage on Habakkuk. What is the prophet going to do with God? 'The prophet refuses to accept the Divine silence as final. With equal patience and daring he takes his stand on the high planes of vision, and awaits the revelation of God's purpose.'

On my watch-tower will I stand,
And will set me on my rampart;
I will look out to see what He will speak with me,
What answer He will make to my complaint
(ii. 1).

Anon the answer comes; and he is bidden write it on tablets, with clear bold letters, that one may read it running.

Though the vision may wait for the time appointed,

It straineth toward the end, and will fail not;
If it linger, yet do thou wait for it,

Since it will surely come, and not delay;
Behold! the soul of the wicked shall faint in him,

But the righteous shall live by his faithfulness
(vv. 3 f.).

'In this great sentence, which has become the watchword of Christian freedom, the eternal contrasts are defined. However prosperous he may

now appear, the wicked man has the seeds of death already planted in his soul, and the issue is inevitable.'

Now all this on patriotism is only an item in a book of wonderful interest and instructiveness.

A Dante Scholar.

The Hon. William Warren Vernon is the author of 'Readings on the *Divina Commedia*' and thereby well and favourably known to Dante students. He is now in the eighties and has written his autobiography—*Recollections of Seventy-Two Years* (Murray; 12s. net).

It is the life of an aristocrat, an aristocrat with money and brains. What more could a man desire to have or be? The book introduces lords and ladies without number. Who could have believed there were so many titled persons in the country? The picture of them, if crowded, is pleasing. Mr. Vernon is a sympathetic, even a most good-natured, chronicler. Only of the notoriously bad has he a bad word.

Mr. Vernon has not spent his life in eating and drinking. He has been a member of public bodies devised to do good to their fellow-men. For many years he worked with the Charity Organization Society. And he did much hard and unthankful 'slumming.' It was his brother, Augustus, the sixth Lord Vernon, who introduced him to the East End. But Lord Vernon could do no slumming himself. One day they met:

"William," he said, "are you inclined for a walk?"

"Yes," said I, "I'm on, only I want just to go into St. Giles's for ten minutes, to leave some tickets for a poor woman whose child is very ill. Do you mind?"

"Oh, well," said Augustus (very reluctantly), "but shall you be long?"

"Oh no," I replied, "only a few minutes," and I thereupon took him into Stacey Street, that runs now from Shaftesbury Avenue to St. Giles's Church, and we went down into one of the dreadful cellars in which human beings lived and died in those days, but which the sanitary inspectors now no longer sanction as dwellings. I sat down at the table and began writing my ticket for the poor woman, when a sort of gasp made me turn round and I saw Augustus with his handkerchief up to his nose, retching violently, with the

tears running down his cheeks! I chuckled inwardly.

'When we got outside, he exclaimed, "What a horrible atmosphere!"

"Yes," I said, "it is pretty bad, but you know it is so good for us of the upper classes to visit the poor ourselves in their wretched homes. I am sure you would find it so, if you went oftener!"

It was the author's father, the fifth Lord Vernon, who produced the Vernon Dante in three folio volumes. Its production cost him £20,000. Thus Dante has been a family affection, and there is much Dante interest in the book.

The Pastoral Epistles.

The new volume of Dr. Walter Lock's 'Westminster Commentaries' has been written by an Indian Missionary, Mr. Ernest Faulkner Brown, M.A. On that account it is (in Dr. Lock's words) 'less critical, less detailed in discussion of questions of date and authorship. On the other hand it has special features of its own. Written by one whose life has been devoted to missionary work in India, it draws frequent illustrations from that work, it shows how appropriate the moral and doctrinal teaching of the Epistles is for the early stages in the building up of a newly-converted Church, it makes very real and human the relation between St. Paul and his delegates, and thus throws over the whole circumstances out of which the letters grew an atmosphere of spiritual reality, which is a strong indirect testimony to the historical character of the position assumed in them.' Its subject is *The Pastoral Epistles* (Methuen; 6s. net).

We have long seen that the Acts of the Apostles should be edited by a missionary; that the missionary is the best editor of the Pastoral Epistles is a new idea, for which we have Dr. Lock to thank. For no doubt he chose his editor of purpose. And the choice is vindicated. The Missionary (at least in India) is now a pastor, and the pastoral work he has to do is just the work that lay before Timothy and Titus. 'Directly we had charge of a body of Indian Christians, much of our work became pastoral rather than evangelistic, and then it was that we found the building up of character to be no less necessary than the inspiration of faith. And the building up of

character had to be done from the very foundations. One in charge of a boarding-school found that almost his whole energy had to be put into the inculcation of honesty and truthfulness. One in charge of a congregation found himself absorbed in the struggle with petty cheating and idle quarrels. It was with a delighted surprise then that we came back to the Pastoral Epistles, and realised that the apostle's difficulties had been much the same as ours. Such phrases as "not given to much wine," "not purloining," "not slanderers," "tattlers and busybodies," rang in our ears with comfort and encouragement, and we felt indeed thankful that the apostle had not thought it beneath his dignity to mention such matters. Also we began to understand why "self-control" occupies so large a place in these epistles; it was a new thing for these wild natures not to give free play to every passion. Many a dull day of drudgery and irresponsiveness was brightened by the remembrance that just so Timothy must have laboured amongst degraded Ephesians in their evil slums, and Titus amongst the vicious and stupid boors of Crete, never doubting that the gospel, always and for all men, "is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

The pastor at home will find this commentary on the Pastoral Epistles of use to him however many commentaries he has already.

Edith Sichel.

Mr. A. C. Bradley has edited a volume of letters, articles, essays, and poems by Miss Sichel, calling it *New and Old* (Constable; 10s. 6d. net). In a short Introduction he tells us a little about Miss Sichel's life and work. We wish he had told us more, so good it is the little he does tell. 'In the later eighties her favourite French authors seem to have been George Sand and Sainte-Beuve; and it was partly to the latter, partly to her friend, Emily Ritchie, that she owed her introduction to French memoirs. On the study of these she began, about 1890, to concentrate; and this study, extending its bounds, led to the composition of her best-known and most valuable works. The first two volumes of the series, the *Story of Two Salons* (1895) and the *Household of the Lafayettes* (1897), dealt with the era of the Revolution. From this she went back to the sixteenth century, and produced in

1901 *Women and Men of the French Renaissance*, in 1905 *Catherine de Medici and the French Reformation*, in 1907 *The Later Years of Catherine de Medici*, and finally in 1911 *Michel de Montaigne*. Thus the French Renaissance may be described as her principal subject, and one on which she made herself an authority. But during the years of her work on it she found time for the *Life* of her friend Canon Ainger (1906), for the beautiful memoir of Mary Coleridge which forms the Introduction to *Gathered Leaves* (1910), and also for a large number of articles on a great variety of topics, not confined to history and literature.'

The volume contains Extracts from Letters, Thoughts, Poems, Biographical Studies, Articles from the *Pilot*, and Articles from *The Times Literary Supplement*. Thus we learn that Miss Sichel was one of Mr. Lathbury's dark and clever horses, as well as one of the big lions of the Supplement. Indeed, we discover here some of the reviews which caught our attention at the time through their abounding vitality. The longer papers are the most readable, they are never cheap, and yet are wholly human.

We shall test the book by quoting two of the extracts from letters, three of the thoughts, and a portion of one of the articles:

1. *From the Letters.*—

(1) I am a heretic, you know, and it seems to me that all who call Christ Master with adoration of that life are of the same band, whatever the view taken of the manner in which that life came to us. The spiritual miracle of it was—is—greater than all miracles, as Emily Lawless says so well; and it has never seemed to me that *whence* Christ was should so trouble men, when *what* Christ was is so all-important, so compelling, so life-filling (June, 1914).

(2) Humbly and passionately I dare call him Master. And I can't say more than that. The immanence of God and the life of Christ are my treasures. They warm existence and help one's worst hours. Buddha, Socrates, Mahomet, all the long chain of revelations of God, so dear to the Broad Church (and rightly), do rank for me in a long chain of evolution, but they seem the more to show how much greater, warmer, more mysterious, more near to God Christ was. They never make one glow (July, 1914).

2. *From the Thoughts.*—

(1) The work of religion is to clear the will of desires and to set it free.

(2) There are two conceptions of religion: that which adapts God to the needs of man; that which fashions man to the needs of God.

(3) Poetry and religion are truer than fact, because they attest the solidarity of life, and its permanence through love.

3. *From 'Saints and Mystics.'*—In the pronouncements of these four great pioneers [Florence Nightingale, Octavia Hill, Canon Barnett, and St. Vincent de Paul]—the three modern contemporaries, the fourth, their predecessor, the creator of lay charities two hundred and fifty years before them—we shall first be struck by the likeness, by the same mystical note in each. Work in God and through Him is their gospel. And thus they escape all the perils of mysticism. Like wine, mysticism is dangerous when drunk alone without food. Every sacramental thought needs both bread and wine. And to each of these four vision seemed useless without action.

Kultur.

'The third guard had just gone on. Two sentinels were placed at a point in the wall where the breach made by a shell had been rudely barricaded. Enough of the hole was left open to command a view of the hillside approaches by which an attack might be delivered, but of the ground immediately on the other side nothing at all. The moon had just risen.

'The sentinels had hardly been on long enough to reconnoitre their post when a grenade fell at their very feet. The fuse sputtered a second and went out without explosion. A bolt out of the blue could not have astonished the two men more. With sickening certainty the realisation came upon them that the enemy had approached without their knowledge, and were standing there two yards away without their being able to strike a blow in self-defence.

'It was a moment for quick decision. Yet no course of action that presented itself seemed very satisfactory. To fire was useless, for no possible angle commanded the ground just behind the wall. The call to arms might have precipitated the danger, which still hanging in suspense offered a better opportunity for overcoming. Leaving

his comrade at the 'breach, therefore, the mobile sentry ran down to the *petit poste*, which was only about fifty yards along the walk, and called up the corporal of the guard, warning him of what had occurred.

'A little incredulous the old soldier buckled on his equipment, took his rifle, and, preceding the sentinel, walked up the path toward the barricade. Before he had time to arrive another fuse appeared, spinning over the wall at the same spot. Realizing the danger, he cried out to the sentinel who had remained, to save himself. He had hardly spoken when the bomb burst with a terrific explosion. Turning toward the *petit poste* the corporal shouted "*Aux armes!*" These were his last words. Almost simultaneously with the explosion of the grenade the enemy burst in the barricade, fired down through the smoke, and were off again before the bewildered men inside had time to answer. They shot well, for almost with the first ball the old veteran of Morocco and Tonkin fell, struck in the temple, and never moved again.

'That night there was not much difference at *petit poste* between the two hours on guard and the two hours off. Every one was on the alert, keyed up with apprehension. But nothing happened, as indeed there was no reason to suppose that anything would. Only about midnight, from far up on the hillside, a diabolical cry came down, more like an animal's than a man's, a blood-curdling yell of mockery and exultation.

'In that cry all the evolution of centuries was levelled. I seemed to hear the yell of the warrior of the stone age over his fallen enemy. It was one of those antidotes to civilization of which this war can offer so many to the searcher after extraordinary sensations.'

That narrative is taken from the *Letters and Diary of Alan Seeger* (Constable; 5s. net). Some short time ago we reviewed here a volume of Poems by this American author, who found himself in Paris when the war began and joined the Foreign Legion. To the Legion he stuck to the end, fighting for France as if he were a Frenchman, and for glory, the Frenchman's ideal of duty. The end came on July 3, 1916, in the attack on Belloy-en-Santerre. The letters and diary have been admirably edited. They will be read with interest throughout.

Sir Arthur Helps.

A selection from the *Correspondence of Sir Arthur Helps*, K.C.B., D.C.L., has been made and edited by his son, E. A. Helps (John Lane; 12s. 6d. net). Sir Arthur Helps was one of the successful, almost one of the popular, authors of the middle of last century. His best book was *The Spanish Conquest in America*, but it was hampered by a certain stiffness of style, and never reached anything like the popularity of *Friends in Council*. Greater, however, than his books, and more popular, was the man himself—a social reformer, an adviser and intimate friend of the Queen, a philanthropic, self-denying, and slightly self-conscious English gentleman.

The letters in this volume that are of most interest are not those of Sir Arthur Helps himself, but of his correspondents. For the most part they are written in acknowledgment of copies of his books, but they are nearly always worth reading on their own account. Some of them are quite characteristic and eventful. Thus:

CARLYLE.—About Maurice and eternal damnation I hear a great deal, from the idle circles of mankind; but to say truth, I have of myself almost no thought about it at all. Like the Frenchman, tired with arguments about the being of God, I may *a fortiori* say, '*Monsr. je n'y prends aucun intérêt!*' Perhaps it might do Maurice good if he were turned out of the Church altogether—which, it appears, is not likely at present. That splitting of hairs, which he has long laboriously carried on, to prove that he belongs to her, *cannot* ultimately turn to good for any creature. As to the Church herself—well, I should say, so long as she talks about damnation at all, she must make it 'eternal'; there is no even *extinct* worth in any other kind. God help her, poor old Church! England *believes* now, and she herself at heart believes, in no 'damnation' except ruin at your bankers (such damn" as *has* now fallen on Hudson, they say): and a poor church in these circumstances is ill off!

TENNYSON.—Thanks for 'Oulita.' I have not yet read it but I have cut it open, which looks as if I meant to read it.

My complaint against the time and my office of P.L. is not so much that I am deluged with verse, "as that no man ever thinks of sending me a book of prose, hardly ever. I am like a man receiving

perpetual parcels of currants and raisins and barley sugar, and never a piece of bread.

When you talk of sending 'tribute to a *Royal* man' see what an unhandsome allusion you make to my position in H.M.'s household!

MORLEY.—I have been recruiting at Hastings, and your large envelope looked so full of business that my people dared not forward it. I am heartily obliged to you for sending me your book. Among your ten thousand readers, nobody has a warmer admiration or a keener relish for your wise words than I have. A recluse myself, I am all the more eager to have delicate and profound reflections from a man who is in the world, or at any rate on a pinnacle looking over the world. This very night I shall put on my slippers, and dip joyfully into 'Brevia,' and go to bed full of mellow wisdom and good will, which is better than anything else. I hold slippers to be a compliment to an author; because who in this easeful fashion would read disagreeable letters or bad books? I wonder whether you agree with me in the garb proper for writing. Like Buffon, I insist upon shaving and clean linen before sitting down to composition.

DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—Alas, I fear I am original only in the bad sense, but it is true I abhor prejudice—nothing less than following the multitude to do evil: nevertheless I too have my prejudice, *i.e.* in favour of probity and truth. Thus I have for years entertained a prejudice against retaining Gibraltar, which was originally anything but honourable to us as a possession, though we have since made ourselves famous by defending it.

Suppose when Napoleon was endeavouring to place his brother as ruler in the Peninsula, if the English had *kept* Lisbon or Oporto because they had taken them from the French, when we were there only as the allies of Portugal, I dare say some Admirals or Generals would have cried, 'Well done'; but all the rest of the World, 'Perfide Albion.' Is our tenure of Gibraltar more righteous?

Those are quotations out of a few letters. There are many other letters that are quite as characteristic—by Ruskin, Gladstone, Mrs. Beecher Stowe, Lytton, Trollope, Froude. Assuredly the book was worth editing and issuing.

Charles Macara.

Sir Charles W. Macara, Bart., whose biography has been written by Mr. W. Haslam Mills, is

known most widely as the happy originator of 'Lifeboat Saturday.'

This is the story. 'On a stormy afternoon early in December, 1886, five men, the crew of a small steamer from Montrose, were seen from the shore at St. Anne's clinging to the mast of the vessel which had gone aground on Salter's Bank. The lifeboat put out to the rescue, and after many hours of labour and peril returned with its treasure. The coxswain and sub-coxswain of the lifeboat were taken to Sir Charles Macara's house, and from there they told their modest story by telephone to the newspapers in Manchester. Five nights later, and in the gathered fury of the same gale, the lifeboat was called out again. The German barque *Mexico*, bound from Hamburg to Liverpool, was aground on the treacherous Horse Bank, in the estuary of the Ribble. The lifeboat crews of Lytham, Southport, and St. Anne's went to the rescue. The St. Anne's men, fresh from their recent triumph on Salter's Bank, were in high spirits, though Charles Tims, the sub-coxswain, a fisherman of great bravery, and a famous man on that coast, seemed to hear in the gale a voice which he had not heard before.

'The boat never came back. Its single light was swallowed up in victory, and only an unintelligible rocket now and then out of the welter of the night told the watchers on the shore that there was still life, but of whom and how faring, no one knew. At dawn the wives of the lifeboat men gathered at Sir Charles Macara's house. There was still no news, but when the morning was a little spent a lifeboat was seen struggling towards the shore. It was the Lytham boat, which had rescued the crew of the *Mexico*. A horseman rode into the sea to meet her, and it was he who scattered the suspense and spread desolation in its place. The Southport boat and the boat from St. Anne's had both capsized. Of the Southport crew two were cast up alive. Not a man of the St. Anne's crew returned. The wives and children they had left looked up into the faces of Sir Charles and Lady Macara, and they did not look up in vain. They were friends at court. All England and all Europe was made to ring with the doings of that night. In less than a fortnight £33,000 was collected for the relief of the widows and the fatherless, and their future being made secure, the memory of the thirteen lost heroes was saved to future ages in the chiselled figure which looks out to sea from the beach at St. Anne's.'

Then Sir Charles Macara discovered that the national lifeboats were not being supported sufficiently, and he conceived and carried out the 'Lifeboat Saturday.'

He was a great Manchester cotton spinner. His life is told with splendid faith and verve in this book, the title of which is *Sir Charles W. Macara, Bart.: A Study of Modern Lancashire* (Manchester: Sherratt & Hughes; 6s. net).

Father Stanton.

Two volumes of Father Stanton's sermons have already been published. Two volumes of *Father Stanton's Sermon Outlines* are now to be published. The first volume is out (Longmans; 5s. net). The manner of it will best be seen if we quote one of the outlines. But first read what the editor, the Rev. E. F. Russell, says about Stanton's method of composing his sermons.

'Ordinarily his preparation took the following form. When he had fixed upon his subject, and it was time to get to work, he would draw up his chair to the fire and sit gazing on and on into it, as if in expectation that some spiritual light might come through the flame into his own soul. He remained thus for a considerable time, motionless and insensible to whatever was happening around him. I have gone away fearing to disturb him, and have come back later, only to find him just as I left him, still agaze into the fire. Withdrawn thus into himself he was able to bring his whole soul to bear upon his subject, to walk round it, look at it from different points of view, and then, by sheer, steady labour of the mind, clear and arrange his ideas and, this done, determine in what way he could make his vision as shining and interesting and persuasive to others as it was to himself.'

The outline we shall choose is

ACCORDING TO THY MIND.

'Should it be according to thy mind? he will recompense it, whether thou refuse or whether thou choose; and not I: therefore speak what thou knowest.'—Job xxxiv. 33.

'Elihu thought Job spoke too boastfully, that Self was too much uppermost in him. So he rebuked him in these words. I am not going to follow Elihu's arguments or investigate the exact meaning of his words, but to use them as rebuke to ourselves asking the Holy Spirit to bless the Application.

'1. *There are many who would have their God to be after their own mind.*—All we know about God is by revelation, no intuition however deep, or invention however clever, could find out God. Can a man by thought find out God? No.

'But He isn't after the minds of many, or what they please to call their minds; they quarrel with statements about Him in the Old Testament, as not reconcilable with their inner consciousness. The fact is they work in a god factory and make God out of their inner consciousness. They do not accept the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. He isn't according to their mind.

'Brethren, such real idolaters are worse than the heathen, for they reject the true God, which the heathen don't. Don't you give way to the modern theology, when Christmas comes you say, "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel."

'Brethren, they like to eliminate out of their God all that is terrible. But by toning down His justice, you don't enhance His love; or by minimising His punishments, you don't enhance His Honour. Serve Him as He is. Has He not said, "As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts." Where were wider words ever written than "God so loved the world that He sent His only begotten Son," etc.?

'2. *There are many who would have His Providence after their own mind.*—We see His arrangements and are dissatisfied. Why are things as they are? "Art thou the first man that was born?" asks Eliphaz of Job. Art thou, Adam, the first man? Hast thou lived up all the centuries, why you are not as old as England is? And the wood of your coffin is growing. The world was ordered before you were born, and will go on when you are dead. Leave God to work out His own Providence in His own good time. The best thing for a child to do who has fallen out with his father is to fall in again. You lost your money. Well, should the machinery of the universe stop till you have recovered your loss? You lost your darling child—well, did he not belong to God first? He has given him life eternal. God gave and God has taken away, etc.

'3. *There are many who would have the Gospel after their own mind.*—God's plan of redemption, so simple, so sublime, won't do for them, i.e. that He came down and died for me, that I might go up and live with Him in Heaven. Some say they

don't want Atonement at all. Some not the atonement of the Bible. The Lord will never lay another foundation stone. The Cross is older than Adam. It is as old as the Love of God. Fix the date of the love of God, then you have fixed the date of the Cross. It behoves thee to be quiet and to hide thyself in the Love and the Mystery of the Cross of Christ.

'There are many who would have the Church

after their own mind.—If so there would be as many churches as there are minds, only the mind is never the same, there could be no *quod semper*, etc. We mustn't invent, we must deliver. 'I delivered to you that which I also received,' said Paul. If we contribute, it must not be to the substance but to the illustration. Our Faith is the Faith of our Fathers. I do not wish to tell you anything outside the Church of Christ.'

Irenæus and the Fourth Gospel.

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III.

(3) *The Elders.* As has already appeared from our discussion, the relation of Irenæus to those whom he calls the elders presents a complex question. Do his references to them imply that he had himself been in contact with them, and thus was able to quote their testimony at first-hand? I have suggested in an earlier paragraph that this possibility must be allowed for. His Letter to Florinus, on any fair reading, assumes his intercourse with 'the elders before us,' and this accords with all the historical probabilities of the situation. Some writers seem to ignore the large numbers of Christian communities to be found in Asia Minor by the middle of the second century, and the intimate relations which bound them together. It would be impossible for a youth with eager Christian interest and high purposes of Christian activity to be brought up in such an environment without frequent opportunities of friendly converse with leading men in the Churches, belonging to an older generation, whom he would naturally call of *πρεσβύτεροι*. Any one acquainted with similar circumstances knows how tenaciously the recollections of such intercourse are preserved by impressible minds. But when we investigate the bearing of the testimony of these older and leading Christians, as referred to by Irenæus, on the problem of John of Asia and his relation to the Fourth Gospel, the result is meagre. We are virtually restricted to three passages in the *Contra Hæreses*. One of these (v. 33. 3) has been already

examined, and its language possibly justifies the assertion that Irenæus was acquainted with an oral tradition of 'the presbyters who saw John the disciple of the Lord,' while he adds that 'Papias also records this.' In ii. 22. 5 he is reporting Ptolemæus, the famous Valentinian Gnostic, with reference to his assimilation of the passion of Jesus to that of the twelfth Æon, who suffered in the twelfth month. Ptolemæus asserts that Jesus suffered in the twelfth month of His public ministry, while still thirty years old, apparently basing his hypothesis roughly on the Synoptic chronology. Irenæus, starting from the larger number of Passovers mentioned in the Fourth Gospel, seeks to show that Jesus, as occupying the position of a teacher, must have passed from the stage of *juvenis* to that of *aetas senior*, and in favour of his view he appeals to 'the testimony of all the elders who had in Asia come into contact with John the disciple of the Lord, that John had reported this. For he survived in their midst until the time of Trajan. Moreover, some of them saw not only John but others of the apostles, and they heard the same account from them.' He thereupon proceeds to base a theory that Jesus was between forty and fifty when he died, on the words of Jn 8⁵⁷: 'Thou art not yet fifty years old, and hast thou seen Abraham?'

I am disposed to believe, with Lightfoot and Harnack, that Irenæus reports this testimony directly from the work of Papias. For, as we saw,

it is most likely that when he refers to the testimony of the elders in the present tense (*μαρτυροῦσιν*), as here, he is quoting some document, and by far the most probable document, as the above-mentioned scholars have shown, is the *Expositions* of Papias. The same thing is true of the remaining passage, v. 30. 1. Here Irenæus, in a general discussion of Antichrist, appeals for the interpretation of the number of the Beast in Apoc 13¹⁸ to 'the testimony of those who had seen John face to face.' When we consider that this was the type of subject for which Papias had a predilection, and that the language used agrees with Lightfoot's criterion for a written document, we can scarcely doubt that Irenæus refers to Papias' report of the witness of the elders. Perhaps, therefore, the most important result from these data is the extraordinarily high place given by Papias and his authorities, who must have been to a large extent his own contemporaries, to 'John, the disciple of the Lord.'

(4) *The Elder.* In his *Contr. Haer.* iv. 27-32, Irenæus has various references to an elder whose testimony he plainly regarded as of special weight. He describes him by various terms, 'a certain elder who had listened to those who had seen the apostles,' 'the elder,' 'that senior,' 'that older disciple of the apostles.' In one place he remarks: 'the elder by such reminiscences of the ancient worthies used to refresh us.' I am inclined to follow Lightfoot in supposing that this unnamed authority was Pothinus, the immediate predecessor of Irenæus in the see of Lyons, who, as we have seen, died in 177, over ninety years of age. Whether the identification is accurate or not, these references of Irenæus remind us of the traditions concerning the past which were at his disposal. This remains true, even if we allow that his description of the unnamed presbyter as 'that older disciple of the apostles' may require to be taken in a general sense. It must be noted, however, that he quotes nothing from this source which has a bearing on John of Asia or his connexion with the Fourth Gospel. Only, the facts warn us that, in estimating his own language on these matters, we must not leave out of sight the links which bound him to the earlier apostolic age.

Recognizing, then, that whether as a youth in Asia Minor, or as a presbyter and bishop in Gaul, which was connected with Asia Minor by specially close ecclesiastical ties, Irenæus must have

had ample opportunity of acquainting himself with the main facts in the tradition of the Churches of Asia, let us examine those statements of his which have a bearing upon John of Asia and the documents which, in the last quarter of the second century, we find associated with his name. We must confine ourselves to representative instances selected out of a considerable number, and attempt to estimate their significance.

(a) When Irenæus quotes incidentally from the Fourth Gospel, he usually speaks of its author, John, as *the disciple of the Lord*. E.g., in controverting the Gnostic doctrine that the Christ who temporarily united himself with Jesus had not suffered, he says: 'The gospel knows of no other Son of Man, except Him who was born of Mary, who also suffered . . . but Him who was born, Jesus Christ, it recognizes as the Son of God . . . a truth confirmed by John, the disciple of the Lord, whom he declares,' and then follows Jn 20³¹ (iii. 16. 5). Apparently the term 'disciple of the Lord' was a favourite second-century description of members of the Twelve, for Papias, in the famous paragraph examined above, applies this phrase to them. The same terminology is found in other writers of the period. It need scarcely be pointed out that this reflects the usage of the four Gospels, in which *ἀπόστολος* as compared with *μαθητής* is extremely rare (only once each in Mk. and Mt.).

(b) This John he reckons among *the apostles*. Thus, when urging that the genuine apostolic tradition has been preserved not only at Rome but in other Churches, he mentions among these 'the Church at Ephesus,' which, 'having been founded by Paul, and John having remained in its midst until the time of Trajan, is a true witness to the tradition of the apostles' (iii. 3. 4). Similarly, in pitting the evidence of the elders of Asia 'who had associated with John the disciple of the Lord' against that of the Valentinian Ptolemæus, he remarks that some of those elders 'not only saw John but other apostles also' (ii. 22. 5). Again, in supporting the LXX version of Is 7¹⁴ against those of various heretics, he observes that 'the apostles, who are senior to all of them, agree with the aforesaid translation, and the translation agrees with the tradition of the apostles. For Peter and John and Matthew and Paul and the rest of them and their followers proclaimed all the prophetic messages in accord with the translation of the ancients' (iii. 21. 3).

(c) Several of his references reflect not only his own opinion concerning John, but also *that which was handed down in the Valentinian Gnostic school of Ptolemæus*. Ptolemæus who, as appears almost certain from the Preface of Irenæus (i. *pref.* 2),¹ was alive while Irenæus was writing, had been a disciple of Valentinus, indeed, according to some early testimonies, his chief disciple. It is his special phase of Gnosticism which Irenæus professes to describe. Incidentally, he lets us see this Valentinian sect using the Fourth Gospel to corroborate some of its most typical theories, and associating with the document the name of John. It is just possible that the words of Tertullian (*De Praescr. Haer.* 38) about Valentinus as 'appearing to use the whole instrument' [*i.e.* the complete Scriptures] are meant to include a knowledge of the Fourth Gospel. As he began to teach about 140 A.D., this would be an important piece of evidence for our discussion. In any case, the testimony of Ptolemæus, who stands completely outside the Church, as to the authoritative character of the Fourth Gospel and its connexion with John, points back to an earlier tradition, which it is in no way necessary to connect with Papias, to whose 'weak understanding' so many modern scholars confine all that can be known of the first quarter of the second century. In accusing the Valentinians of perverting the Scriptures, and especially the Fourth Gospel, so as to accord with their own baseless theories, Irenæus says (i. 9. 2): 'While John proclaims one God and one only-begotten, Christ Jesus, through whom, he asserts, all things came into being . . . these altered his words to suit their own hypotheses, so that according to them, in the above statements John makes (no) mention of the Lord Jesus Christ. For if he spoke of Father and Grace and Only-begotten and Truth and Word and Life and Man and Church, he was referring, according to their hypothesis, to the first ogdoad, which did not yet include Jesus or Christ the teacher of John. But that the apostle was not referring to their syzygies, but to our Lord Jesus Christ, whom he also recognizes to be the Word of God, he himself has made plain.' From this paragraph it is clear that the Valentinians had so keenly busied themselves with the leading terms of the Fourth Gospel that they had become prominent elements in their system. Such a process must have involved a considerable period, and

no doubt stretches back at least as far as the close of the first half of the second century. But Irenæus actually quotes a statement, most probably from Ptolemæus himself, in any case from his school. 'Further,' he says (i. 8. 5), 'they teach that John the disciple of the Lord made known the first ogdoad in actual terms. These are their words: "John the disciple of the Lord, wishing to describe the origin of the universe, when the Father emitted (*προέβαλεν*) all things, assumes a certain first principle . . . which he calls Only-begotten Son and God. . . . He speaks in this way: In the beginning was the Word, etc.'" Here these Valentinians appeal to John, the disciple of the Lord, whose fundamental ideas they have, in their own fashion, incorporated in their system, as their authority in the Fourth Gospel. It can scarcely be supposed, let me again emphasize, that *their* source of information was the indispensable Papias.

(d) This selection from the testimonies of Irenæus may close with his well-known words in iii. 1. 1, where, in describing how the earliest followers of Jesus carried His message to all the ends of the earth, and then referring to the composition of the four Gospels, he says of John: 'Thereafter John, the disciple of the Lord, who also reclined upon his breast, he too published the gospel, dwelling at Ephesus in Asia.' Before we inquire into the significance of this statement, we must note the remarkable parallel to it found in a fragment of Polycrates, bishop of Ephesus (Eus. v. 24). Polycrates, a contemporary of Irenæus, writing probably between 188 and 199 A.D. to Victor, bishop of Rome, in defence of the Asiatic practice of making the Easter festival culminate on the 14th Nisan, says: 'We observe the exact day: neither adding, nor taking away. For in Asia also great luminaries (*στοιχεῖα*) have fallen asleep, which shall rise again on the day of the Lord's advent.' Among these he names 'Philip, one of the twelve apostles, who fell asleep in Hierapolis,' three daughters of his, 'and, in addition, John, who reclined on the Lord's breast, who became a priest wearing the sacerdotal plate (*πέταλον*), both martyr and teacher. He fell asleep at Ephesus.' After mentioning as further authorities for his position Polycarp of Smyrna and others, he proceeds: 'Moreover, I also, Polycrates, the least of you all, keep to the tradition of my kinsfolk, some of whom I have closely followed. For seven of my kinsfolk

¹ See Lipsius, *Dict. of Christian Biogr.* iv. p. 515.

were bishops, and I am the eighth. And invariably my kinsfolk observed the day when the people put away the leaven. I, therefore, brethren, who have lived 65 years in the Lord, and have associated with the brethren throughout the world, and have gone through every holy scripture, am not scared because of terrifying words.'

Polycrates, who, at the time of writing, is actually head of the Church with which John's name is associated, describes him as a 'great luminary' of Asia, grouping him with Philip, whom he names 'one of the 12 apostles.' There is no good reason for doubting this last statement. The only plausible argument against it is the reference found in the *Dialogue of Gaius with Proclus* (referred to by Eus. iii. 31), which represents Philip, the *Evangelist* (mentioned in Ac 6, 8, and 21) as living at Hierapolis with his four daughters who were prophetesses. This tallies exactly with the account in Ac 21⁹ of Philip the Evangelist and his family. But Lightfoot has shown that this *Dialogue* came from the Roman Church, probably a quarter of a century later than Polycrates. Its authority is therefore, as he says (*Colossians*, p. 46, note), 'in all respects inferior. It mentions four daughters instead of three, makes them all virgins, and represents them as prophetesses, thus showing the distinct aim of reproducing the particulars as given in Ac 21⁹; whereas the account of Polycrates is divergent in all these respects.' That Eusebius confused the Philip of the *Dialogue* with Philip the Apostle is of no importance for the argument. It is absurd also to find a difficulty in the fact that both Philip the Evangelist and Philip the Apostle are said to have had daughters, and the identification of the four in the one case with the three in the other is playing with evidence.

To return to the statement. Polycrates characterizes John of Ephesus by the very phrase used by Irenæus, 'who reclined on the Lord's breast.' The description is of far-reaching significance, inasmuch as it occurs in the very same fashion in the Fourth Gospel itself. The incident is, of course, related in Jn 13²⁵. But in Jn 21²⁰ this is the phrase employed to mark out the unnamed 'disciple whom Jesus loved,' whom the Fourth Gospel undoubtedly means to identify with John. It would seem that the description had attached

itself in the Churches of Asia to this disciple. Polycrates' testimony is very important, for as bishop of Ephesus he must have been in touch with an extended tradition. His further reference to John as 'a priest wearing the sacerdotal plate' is most obscure. None of the attempts to explain it are adequate. Delf's hypothesis that the words point to John as having acted as substitute for the high priest on the Day of Atonement, the one day on which the complete robes were worn, is pure fantasy. Strangely enough, Epiphanius (*Haer.* 78. 14) uses the same phrase of James of Jerusalem. It is possible that Lightfoot is right in taking the words metaphorically, for he shows that the whole passage is 'a very rude specimen of the florid Asiatic style,' and contains several 'violent' figurative expressions (*Galatians*, p. 362, note 1). But there are really no data for a decision. We must touch at a later point on his description of John as 'martyr.'

Some very significant things may be learnt from the remainder of the paragraph. Polycrates speaks of himself as 'having lived 65 years in the Lord.' I cannot see how this can be taken in any other sense than as marking the period of his *Christian* life. That implies that at least he must have been between seventy and eighty when he wrote to Victor, and if we assign the date of the Letter roughly to 195 A.D., the beginning of his Christian career must fall about 130, possibly a year or two later. At that date he would stand in the midst of a full current of tradition regarding the 'great luminaries' of the Church, so that he comes before us as a witness quite independent of Papias. But he himself deliberately emphasizes his opportunities of knowing the early traditions of the Church. No less than seven of his own relatives had been bishops, and he had associated with brethren from all parts of the Christian community. His agreement with his younger contemporary Irenæus as to John of Asia being the disciple 'who reclined on the Lord's breast' is a remarkable confirmation of Irenæus' opinion. This 'great luminary' of Asia is by two influential witnesses placed in the innermost circle of Jesus' disciples, which all readers of the Synoptics in the second century knew to consist of Peter, James, and John.

Contributions and Comments.

The Disciple whom Jesus loved.

TO THE REV. GEORGE C. WALKER, M.A.

CHRISTIAN Brother, you have found
A reason simple, safe and sound,
(A pebble from the sacred tide,
To pierce the giant Critic's hide;)

That when the Blessed Conclave sate,
And chose Matthias for their mate,
Not even Mary's self had power
To name her Guardian in that hour;

For he who next the Saviour bent,
And on His human bosom leant,
Could write upon his family tree
The honoured name of ZEBEDEE.

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Zechariah's Vision of the Lampstand.

It is now generally recognized that the vv. ^{6b-10a} of the fourth chapter of Zechariah form no part of the vision, but are an independent oracle addressed to Zerubbabel to encourage him in his task of building the temple. Unfortunately, however, the presence of this address to Zerubbabel has caused interpreters to look for and to find in the vision a reference to Zerubbabel. Accordingly the two olive-trees which stand on either side of the lampstand are taken to mean the two heads of the Jewish community, namely, Zerubbabel and Joshua, who represent the two sides of every community, the State and the Church.

Two factors in the vision have helped to confirm this, which appears to me erroneous, interpretation. The one is that the two olive-trees are described as *בְּנֵי הַיֵּיתָר*, and this phrase is taken to mean 'anointed' ones. Since the high priest and the king were both anointed for their functions, it naturally appears as though these 'sons of oil' were the two specially anointed dignitaries in the Jewish community. Yet the phrase 'sons of oil' does not naturally suggest men who are anointed. What it does suggest (cf. Is 5¹) is sources of oil. Even the word employed (*יֵיתָר*) leans in that

direction, for, while *יֵיתָר* is generally used to describe the freshly expressed juice of the olives, or even the juice still in the olives (cf. Dt 7¹³ 11¹⁴, Nu 18¹²), the word for prepared oil is *שֶׁמֶן* (cf. Ex 25⁶, 1 S 10¹). Besides, the use of oil throughout the entire vision is for illumination, not for anointing. Indeed, v. ¹² describes the function of the olive-trees as that of supplying oil for the lampstand, for which they are specially fitted, if they are themselves full of oil, or sons of oil.

The other factor which has helped towards this interpretation is that the lampstand itself is taken to represent the offering of the community to its God, *i.e.* what Zechariah saw was the lampstand of the second temple. Then the two heads of the community may naturally be regarded as ministering to this offering. But what Zechariah saw was not the lampstand of the second temple, for the simple reason that such a lampstand did not yet exist. The temple was not yet finished, far less was the temple furniture yet complete. If the object seen by the prophet, who, be it remembered, sprang from a priestly family, had been the lampstand of the second temple, there would have been no reason for his inquiry addressed to the interpreting angel in v. ⁴. He does not recognize the thing which he sees, or any part of what he sees. But far more convincing than the prophet's inquiry, since such an inquiry might be a mere literary device to attract more attention, is the reply which the angel gives him. These, he says expressly in v. ^{10b}, are the seven eyes of Yahweh which wander through all the earth. These cannot be understood as lights maintained by the community out of reverence to symbolize their good works or their obedience. Alike their name and their function set them clearly apart from any dependence on human maintenance. They fulfil a task which is beyond all human intervention and which are above both Church and State, not depending on these for their efficiency, since they are divine in character and function.

What, then, did the prophet mean? I think he meant simply to emphasize to the community the watchful supervision which Yahweh exercised over His world. The seven eyes of Yahweh keep vigilant watch and ward over His world. Nothing

escapes from His sight; and especially nothing which concerns Israel escapes His care.

There are two remarkable characteristics of the prophet's mind which appear in this vision as in all the rest. The one is that he, believing in the imminence of the day of the Lord, believes also that that day is to be ushered in by Yahweh Himself without intermediate agents. Nowhere is that more clearly stated than in the vision which describes the whole earth as lying quiet. We know that, when he wrote, the earth was anything but quiet. Darius was needing to fight for his kingdom against powerful rebels. It might have seemed natural for any one who knew the prophecy of Deutero-Isaiah to look for Messiah to come through these very patent political changes. Zechariah says deliberately that nothing in the condition of the world might lead men to suppose it; but yet the Lord is at hand. Yahweh is about to intervene. Here he says that He will intervene in His own time, for His eyes watch over all things in His world. When He sees the time to be ripe, He is coming.

The other characteristic of the prophet is that, though he does not think of Yahweh as employing earthly ministers to prepare His way or to bring about His day, he is less ready than, *e.g.*, Amos, to think of Yahweh as coming in person or acting for Himself. The prophet thinks continually of Yahweh as surrounded by a court of ministering spirits who serve His purpose. In one vision Yahweh sends out heavenly messengers to inspect the world, and who report it as lying quiet. Here the eyes of Yahweh are of the same type. They are not quite angels, but yet they are not Yahweh Himself. The Book of Genesis can represent Yahweh or His angels as coming down to inquire into, and to report upon, the condition of Sodom. Zechariah thinks of the eyes of the Lord as fulfilling these functions. Everywhere the earth is under the supervision of its God. And these eyes of Yahweh, these ministers of His will, are directed and supplied, kept vigilant by the two who (v.¹⁴) stand beside the Lord of the whole earth. One sees again there the suggestion at least of the rise of a heavenly hierarchy. There are the lower angels who go out to bring report, there are those who never perhaps go out from the presence of the eternal King.

It may be said that v.¹² forms a difficulty in connexion with such an interpretation. But the verse is of very doubtful authority, since it bears all the marks of being secondary. It begins with 'I answered a second time.' Any student of the prophets is suspicious when he meets שנית, so often is it the stitch for fastening a strange passage into the original. And he is confirmed in his suspicion, when, as here, there is no clear reason

why the questioner should repeat his query. After that the reasons for suspicion increase: שְׂבִילִי is a unique word in such a connexion, since elsewhere it means 'ears of corn': צְנִיחוֹת, if it means 'pipes,' needlessly departs from the מְצֻקוֹת which is used in the rest of the vision; and the last sentence forms hopeless Hebrew. Probably the sentence is an addition by some one who thought it necessary to give the olive-trees a more definite function than Zechariah had seen good to supply. It may even have entered the text, after the application of the two olive-trees to Church and State had lodged itself in the minds of the Jewish community through their later difficulties in that connexion. In any case, the verse is of too doubtful authenticity to determine anything in the vision.

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James iv. 5.

ἢ δοκεῖτε ὅτι κενὸς ἡ γραφή λέγει; πρὸς φθόνον ἐπιποθεῖ
τὸ πνεῦμα ὃ κατῴκισεν ἐν ἡμῖν;

THE difficulty in this verse as printed in some editions of the N.T.—caused by one unexpectedly finding λέγει not introducing *any quotation* from the Old Testament—(a difficulty only intensified by rendering the verb 'saith' instead of 'speaketh') Professor Haire Forster, in his December note, most ingeniously removes. But, is there any necessity for ἢ at all? Have we not here simply a case of punctuation?—the text most probably requiring, as above, an interrogative point not only after λέγει but after ἡμῖν. One is not surprised that Westcott and Hort give this reading, although they might well have gone further, placing it in the *body* of their text, and not merely in the margin.

The text used by the 1881 Revisers must have been the same as we are suggesting—their rendering being: 'Or think ye that the Scripture speaketh in vain? Doth the Spirit which he made to dwell in us long unto envying?'

The version of the *American Bible Union* (Improved Edition) supports the same view—giving the footnote, 'Or, speaks in vain? Does the Spirit which he made to dwell in us long unto envying?'

P. THOMSON.

Dunning.

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